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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ethel Churchill; or, the Two Brides. By the Authoress of "The Improvisatrice," "Francesca Carrara," "Traits and Trials of Early Life," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

QUALITY is every thing in novel-writing. Unless there be acute perception, fine feeling, sound judgment, powers of illustration, and originality, we may have a tale, it is true, like Salisbury Plain, not unpleasant, though wonderfully long, flat, wide, and undiversified; but at the end of our travel, we shall not be able to remember one distinct feature, nor recall one grateful emotion. Not so when superior talent conceives and embodies human character; peoples the scene with beings so natural and so remarkable that they must live for ever; paints the landscape with all a poet's truth and beauty; and enchains the mind by transitions of fortune, or involutions of circumstances, which are fate, whilst they seem to be only unimportant accidents in the grand petty drama of mortal life. If history be philosophy teaching by example, the skilfully constructed fiction is not less so; nay, being more familiar and domestic, its lessons come more nearly home to the heart; and those who cannot entertain a sympathy with monarchs, heroes, and legislators, readily participate in all the woes and triumphs of individuals moving in their own sphere, and subject to the same casualties which they have themselves experienced. No wonder, then, that this species of literature is so popular; and, we are much mistaken if the present work be not destined to prove one of the most popular of its class, and also to take a rank far higher than mere popularity. The progress of Miss Landon's mind is more distinctly marked in her prose than in her poetical writings. Poetry always appears with her an impulse and an inspiration, luxuriant in imagery, impassioned, and carried away by her subjects: the character of her lyrical writings is singularly distinct from her prose fictions. Her novels are marked by analysis and by purpose. In "Francesca Carrara," the end was kept in view from the first; it was obvious that the writer had certain opinions and certain principles to be worked out. The picture was the result of moral investigation. This is even more the case with *Ethel Churchill*; and the narrative is linked with great skill. Every act has its consequence, and that consequence is the moral. The historic picture is carefully drawn; the character of the age colours the character of the individual, while each individual reflects the true abstract of a class. We are at a loss to point to a more finished portraiture than that of Sir Robert Walpole. In Lord Norbourne, we see the worldly, acute, and hardened statesman; yet still, with the strong undercurrent of affections swaying him beneath a smooth and unruffled surface. There is, too, the light, lively, yet sarcastic wit, so exactly that of its time. Nor has Miss Landon, while portraying with exquisite touches the peculiar features of the noble, the learned, and the wealthy, forgotten to call up, in all their vivid reality, the wants and the sufferings of the

poor. These appeals are conveyed with all the force of contrast. We select the highly dramatic scene at Pope's villa.

"It was a very bit of Arcadia, the scene that the lawn presented. A few late flowers lingered among the shrubs, and the rich colouring on the autumnal foliage supplied the place of bloom. The garden was laid out with exquisite taste, and the groups scattered around seemed animated with the spirit of the place; for they placed themselves in little knots, just where they were calculated to produce the best effect. There was an elegant collation ready; and, while Pope talked of

'His humble roof, and poet's fare,'

he had neglected nothing that could please his assembled guests. To Lady Marchmont he was the most interesting object of all, though all his *petits soins* were addressed to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who received them with that encouraging coquetry born of flattered vanity. Flattery is like champagne, it soon gets into the head; but in Pope's flattery there was too much of the heart. Long after hours of neglect and mortification dearly atoned for that morning's pleasant delusion. There is something in genius for which Fate demands severe atonement. In some things Pope's was an exception to the general lot. He dwelt in that 'lettered ease,' to which his own taste gave refinement; his talents pined in no long obscurity, but early reached their just appreciation; his friends were those whose friendship is honour; and he lived in a very court of personal homage and flattery. But fortune only neglected to do what nature had already done. Dwarfed from his birth, that slender frame was tenanted by acute physical ills; which, acting upon a mind even more sensitive than his body, made life one long scene of irritation and suffering. The fingers were contracted by pain that yet gave the sweetest music to their page: satire was at once his power (and the sense of power is sweet to us all) and his refuge. The passion and melancholy of one or two poems just suffice to shew what a world of affection and sentiment was checked and subdued, because their indulgence had been only too painful; but to-day was to be as flowing as his own verses: he was at her side on whom he lavished so much passionate and graceful flattery; and Lady Mary paid him back,—not in kind, for his heart went with his words, but hers was 'only sweet lip-service.' There is a cruelty in feminine coquetry, which is one of nature's contradictions. Formed of the softest materials—of the gentle smile and the soothing word, yet nothing can exceed its utter hard-heartedness. Its element is vanity, of the coldest, harshest, and most selfish order: it sacrifices all sense of right, all kindly feelings, all pity, for the sake of a transient triumph. Lady Mary knew—for when has woman not known?—her power. She knew that she was wholly beloved by a heart, proud, sensitive, and desponding. She herself had warmed fear into hope—had made passion seem possible to one who felt, keenly felt, how much nature had set him apart. If genius for one moment believed that it could create love, as it could

create all else, hers was the fault; she nursed the delusion: it was a worthy tribute to her self-love. 'Truly, her ladyship,' said the Duke of Wharton, 'parades Parnassus a little too much. Does she suppose nobody is to be flattered but herself? Come, Hervey, let us try a little wholesome neglect.' Forthwith they devoted themselves exclusively to Lady Marchmont. Lady Mary's smiles were unmarked, and her witticisms fell dead-weights so far as they were concerned. This was too much for a wit and a beauty to endure. 'Of what avail was flattery that she only heard herself? She grew impatient till the collation was over, and was the first to step out upon the lawn. Pope did the honours of his garden, which was a poem in itself. He shewed them his favourite willow—fittest tree for such a soil—so pale and tender in its green, so delicate a lining within the leaves; so fragile and so drooping, with so mournful a murmur when the wind stirs its slender branches. The whole scene was marked by that air of refined and tranquil beauty which is the charm of an English landscape. The fields had that glossy green, both refreshing and cheerful; the slight ascents were clothed with trees—some retaining their verdure, others wearing those warm and passionate colours that, like all things coloured by passion, so soon exhaust themselves. Yet what a gorgeous splendour is on an autumnal landscape! The horse-chestnut, with its rich mixture of orange and brown—the sycamore, with its warrior scarlet—the coral red of the small leaves of the hawthorn, mixed together with an oriental pomp; as if the year died, like the Assyrian monarch, on a pyre of all precious things. Winding its way in broken silver, the sunshine dancing on every ripple, the Thames lay at the edge of the grassy sweep. The blue sky, with the light clouds floating on its surface, was mirrored in the depths of the river; but, as if it lost somewhat of its high tranquillity under the influence of our sphere, the reflection was agitated and tremulous, while the reality was calm and still. It is but the type of our restless world, and the serene one to which we aspire: we look up, and the heavens are above, holy and tranquil; we look down on their mirror below, and they are varying and troubled. But few flowers, and those pale and faint, lingered in the garden: these Pope gathered and offered to his fair guests. Lady Marchmont placed hers carefully in her girdle. 'I shall keep even the withered leaves as a relic,' said she, with a smile even more flattering than her words. It was well that she engrossed the attention of her host from the dialogue going on between Lord Hervey and Lady Mary. 'You learned the language of flowers in the East,' said he; 'but I thought dwarfs were only the messengers.' 'And such they are now,' replied his listener: 'here is one flower for you,

'The rest the gods dispersed on empty air,' and she flung the blossoms carelessly from her. Pope did not see the action, for he was pointing out a beautiful break in the view. 'I have,' said he, 'long had a favourite project—that of planting an old Gothic cathedral in trees. Tall

poplars, with their white stems, the lower branches cut away, would serve for the pillars; while different heights would form the aisles. The thick green boughs would shed 'a dim religious light,' and some stately old tree would have a fine effect as the tower.' 'A charming idea!' cried Wharton; 'and we all know

'That sweet saint whose name the shrine would bear.' But, while we are waiting for the temple, can you not shew us the altar?—we want to see your grotto.' Pope desired nothing better than to shew his new toy, and led the way to the pretty and fanciful cave, which was but just finished. It was duly admired; but, while looking around, Wharton observed some verses lying on the seat. 'A treasure for the public good,' exclaimed he; 'I volunteer reading them aloud.' 'Nay, nay, that is very unfair, cried Pope, who, nevertheless, did not secretly dislike the proposal. 'Oh,' replied the duke, 'we will allow for your modesty's' sweet, reluctant, amorous delay; but read them I must and shall.' Then, turning towards Lady Mary, he read the following lines:—

'Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know,
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scene
Of hanging woodlands, and of sloping green:
Joy lives not here: to happier seats it flies,
And only lives where Worley casts her eyes.'

'Pray, 'fair inspirer of the tender strains,' let me lay the offering at your feet.' 'Under them, if you please,' said she, her fine features expressing the most utter contempt; and, trampling the luckless compliment in the dust, she took Lord Hervey's hand, and, exclaiming, 'The atmosphere of this place is too oppressive for me,' left the grotto: but part of her whisper to her companion was meant to be audible,—

'A sign-post likeness of the human race,
That is at once resemblance and disgrace.'

Lady Marchmont was left alone in the grotto with its ill-fated master, and every kindly feeling in her nature was in arms. Affecting not to have noticed what passed, she approached where Pope stood,—speechless, pale with anger, and a yet deeper emotion: she said, in a voice whose usual sweetness was sweeter than ever, with its soothing and conciliating tone,— 'There is one part of your garden, Mr. Pope, which I must entreat you to shew me. I have a dear, kind old uncle at home, who owes you many a delightful evening. He will never forgive me unless I write him word that I have seen

'The grapes long lingering on the sunny wall.'

Pope took her hand mechanically, and led her forth; but the effort at self-control was too much for his weak frame. The drops stood on that pale high brow which was the poetry of his face, and he leant against the railing. 'No!' exclaimed he, passionately, after a few minutes' silence, 'your courtesy, lady, cannot disguise from me that you, too, heard the insult of that heartless woman. Let me speak—I know I may trust your kindness; and, even if you turned into after-ridicule the bitter outpouring of this moment's misery, you would but do as others, in whom I trusted, have done. My God! how madly I have loved her—madly indeed, since it made me forget the gulf that nature has set between us—she so beautiful, and I, as she has just said, who only resemble my kind to disgrace it! Yet she sought me first, she led me on, she taught me to think that the utter prostration of the heart was something in her eyes—that a mind like hers could appreciate mind. Fool, fool, that I have been! What have I done, that I should be thus

set apart from my kind,—disfigured, disgraced, immeasurably wretched? Oh! that I might lay my weary head on my mother earth, and die!' 'We could not spare you,' exclaimed Lady Marchmont, taking his hand affectionately,—the tears starting in her eyes; 'but not for this moment's mortification must you forget your other friends—how much even strangers love and admire you. Think of your own glorious genius, and on the happiness which it bestows. I have but one relative in the world: he is an old solitary man; and I think of him with cheerfulness, whenever I send him a new page of yours. I speak but as one of many who never name you but with admiration and with gratitude.' Pope pressed the hand that yet remained in his own. 'God bless you, my dear, kind child! I thank you for calling my power to my mind. She shall learn that the worm on which she trod has a sting.' They loitered a little while, till the irritated host was equal to joining his guests. The boat was ready; and the whole party joined in laughing at Lady Marchmont for her long *l'été-à-l'été* with Pope. 'I am not jealous,' cried Lady Mary:

'Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye shine—
Go triumph in a heart that once was mine!'

'I think,' said Lady Marchmont, pointedly, 'there has been as little heart in the matter as possible; but you shall none of you laugh me out of my cordial admiration of a man of first-rate genius, and whose personal infirmities call upon us for the kindest sympathy.' 'By Jove! you are right,' cried the Duke of Wharton: 'how much vanity may be pardoned in one who has such cause for just pride! He is building up a noble monument in his language, which will last when we, with our small hopes and influences, are as much forgotten as if we had never been.' 'I see no great good in being remembered,' retorted Lady Mary: 'I would fain concentrate existence in the present. I would forget in order to enjoy. As to memory, it only reminds me that I am growing older every day; and, as to hope, it only puts one out of conceit with possession.' 'All this is very true of our commonplace existences,' replied Lady Marchmont; 'but the gifted mind has a diviner element.'

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,'

exclaimed Lord Hervey with a sneer. 'With the single exception of Lady Marchmont,' said Wharton, 'we have all behaved shamefully to-day. How I will admire the next thing that Pope writes! and, what is more, I will ride over to Twickenham to tell him so; and, having made this compromise with his conscience, the conversation dropped. From that day, however, all friendship was at an end between Lady Mary and Pope. How he revenged himself is well known. His lines yet remain, stamped with all the bitterness of wounded vanity and mortified affection. Strange the process by which love turns into hate. I pity it even more than I blame it. What unutterable wretchedness must the heart have undergone! what scorn and what sorrow must have been endured before revenge could become a refuge and a resource!'

Sketch of Sir Robert Walpole and his Time.

'It was a small, but luxurious room, the open windows of which looked to a garden sloping down to the river, clear and sunny, as if the metropolis had been a hundred miles away. Pots, crowded with rare and fragrant exotics, were on the terrace, and filled the apartment with their odours, and the walls around were hung with some of the choicest productions of the Italian school of art: the eye could not be

raised but it must look on a flower or a picture. In the midst stood a table, covered with papers tied up with red tape, books of accounts, and open letters. At one end, that facing the window, sat England's all-powerful minister, wrapped in a loose morning-gown of purple cloth. He was a man of large size, in an indolent attitude, and with that flushed complexion which usually accompanies excess. At the first glance, you only saw one who appeared the idle and good-humoured voluptuary, whose chief attention was given to decide on the merit of rival clarets, and whose chief care was to ward off an attack of gout. Not such was the impression produced by a second and more scrutinising look, or when the face before you was lighted by expression. There was decision on the firmly compressed lip, whose subtle smile spoke a world of sarcasm; there was thought on the bold, high forehead; and the mind kindled the depths of those piercing gray eyes. Sir Robert Walpole was essentially the man of his time: no other minister could have maintained the House of Hanover on its then tottering throne. It was opposed to the principles of the many, and entwined with the picturesque prejudices of none. The two first Georges were not men either to dazzle or to interest a people. They were narrow-minded foreign soldiers, fettered by the small etiquettes of small courts; and looked on their accession to the British throne rather as coming to a large property, than as entering on a high and responsible office. Sir Robert Walpole saw at once that loyalty and enthusiasm must be put out of the question; the appeal must be made to common sense, and to self-interest. A man with less worldly shrewdness would never have seen how things really stood; a man with less pliability could never have adapted himself to them. It must always be remembered, that his whole administration was one long struggle: he had to maintain his master on the throne, and himself in the ministry; and this was done by sheer force of talent. He had no alliance among the great nobility on the one hand; and, at all events at first, was no personal favourite with the sovereign on the other; yet he kept his high post through one of the longest and most prosperous administrations that England has ever known. His faults were those of his day, a day singularly deficient in all high moral attributes. Disbelief in excellence is the worst soil in which the mind can work; we must believe, before we can hope. The political creed, of which expediency is the alpha and the omega, can never know the generous purpose or the high result. It sees events through a microscope: the detail is accurate, but the magnificent combination, and the glorious distance, are wholly lost. His age looked not beyond to-day; it forgot what it had received from the past, and what it owed to the future. Rochefoucauld says, and most truly, that hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays to virtue; now, in Walpole's time, it was not worth vice's while to pay even the poor homage of hypocrisy. Political virtue was laughed at; or, at best, considered a sort of Utopian dream that no one was bound to realise. Human interest will always mingle with human motive. To this hour, the great science and duty of politics is loved by the petty leaven of small and personal advantage: still, no one can deny the vast advance that has been made. Our views are loftier, because more general; and individual selfishness is corrected by the knowledge, that good is only to be worked out on a large scale. The many have taken the place of the

few; and a great principle gives something of its own strength to the mind that entertains it. The union of philanthropy and of political science belongs to our own age: every hour the conviction is gaining ground, that happiness should be the object of legislation; and that power is given for responsibility, not for enjoyment. Power is a debt to the people: but as yet we walk with the leading-strings of prejudice, strong to confine the steps, which they never should attempt to guide. Let the child and the nation alike feel their own way; the very stumbles will teach not only caution, but their own strength to recover from them. There is a long path yet before us; but the goal, though distant, is glorious. The time may come, when that intelligence, which is the sunshine of the moral world, will, like the sunshine of the physical world, kindle for all. There will be no tax on the window-lights of the mind. Ignorance, far more than idleness, is the mother of all the vices; and how recent has been the admission, that knowledge should be the portion of all? The destinies of the future lie in judicious education; an education that must be universal to be beneficial. The state of the poor in our country is frightful; and ask any one in the habit of coming in contact with the lower classes, to what is this distress mainly attributable? The answer will always be the same—the improvidence of the poor. But, in what has this improvidence originated?—in the neglect of their superiors. The poor have been left in that state of wretched ignorance, which neither looks forward nor back; to them, as to the savages, the actual moment is every thing: they have never been humanised by enjoyment, nor subdued by culture. The habits of age are hopeless, but how much may be done with the children? Labour, and severe labour, is, in some shape or other, the inevitable portion of mankind; but there is no grade that has not its moments of mental relaxation, if it but know how to use them. Give the children of the poor that portion of education which will enable them to know their own resources; which will cultivate in them an onward-looking hope, and give them rational amusement in their leisure hours: this, and this only, will work out that moral revolution which is the legislator's noblest purpose. One great evil of highly civilised society is, the immense distance between the rich and the poor; it leads, on either side, to a hardened selfishness. Where we know little, we care little; but the fact once admitted, that there can be neither politically nor morally a good which is not universal, that we cannot reform for a time, or for a class, but for all and for the whole, and our very interests will draw us together in one wide bond of sympathy. A mighty change, and, I believe, improvement, is at this moment going on in the world; but the revolution, to work out its great and best end, must be even more moral than political, though the one inevitably leads to the other. Nothing can be permitted to the few; rights and advantages were sent for all: but the few were at the fountain-head in Sir Robert Walpole's time. It is but justice to him to note how much he was in its advance. Nothing could be more enlightened than the encouragement he gave to our manufactories and colonies. Look, also, at his steady preservation of peace; what rest and what prosperity he gave to England. The great want of his administration was, as we have said before, the want of high principle: it was the ideal of common sense, but it was nothing more. Now, mere common sense never does any thing great: the noblest

works of our nature, its exertions, its sacrifices, need some diviner prompting: the best efforts of humanity belong to enthusiasm; but Sir Robert's was not the age of enthusiasm. The revolution, and the exile of the Stuarts, seemed to have exhausted that ardour, and that poetry, which are essentially the characteristics of English history: the chivalric, the picturesque, and the romantic, were put aside for a time to awaken into the higher hope, and more general enthusiasm, of the present. The best proof of their exalting presence among us is, that we believe and hope, where our grandfathers ridiculed and doubted."

"*The Author and the Actress.*—'How beautiful she looked! but how pale!' exclaimed Walter Maynard, who had seen Miss Churchill, the night before, at the theatre; 'and she is not married yet! Is it possible that she can know what it is to have the heart fed upon itself?—to dream, but not to hope? Has she found out the bitter mockery of this weary life, whose craving for happiness is only given that it may end in disappointment? But what is that to me? I must be gay—be witty: the points are not yet thrown into the dialogue in the second act. I wish I could remember some of the things I said last night; but, alas! the epigrams uttered over champagne are like the wreaths the Egyptians flung on the Nile,—they float away, the gods alone know whither. Nevertheless, I must be very brilliant this morning—brilliant! with this pain in my head, and this weight at my heart,' and he drew a sheet of paper towards him. At first, he wrote slowly and languidly; but what had been a passion was now a power, and he soon obtained mastery over his subject. The light flashed in his eyes, the crimson deepened in his cheek; and, tearing the first page, he now began to write rapidly and earnestly. Strange the contrast between the writer's actual situation, and that which he creates! I have been writing all my life, and even now I do not understand the faculty of composition; but this I do know, that the history of the circumstances under which most books are written would be a frightful picture of human suffering. How often is the pen taken up when the hand is unsteady with recent sickness, and bodily pain is struggled against, and sometimes in vain! How often is the page written hurriedly and anxiously,—the mind fevered the while by the consciousness that it is not doing justice to its powers! and yet a certain quantity of work must be completed, to meet the exigencies of that poverty which has no other resource. But there is an evil beyond all this. When the iron of some settled sorrow has entered into the soul,—when some actual image is predominant even in the world of imagination, and the thoughts, do what you will, run in one only channel,—composition is then a perpetual struggle, broken by the one recurring cry, 'Hast thou found me, oh! mine enemy?' Something or other is for ever bringing up the one idea: it colours every day more and more the creations which were conjured up in the vain hope to escape from it. 'I cannot write to-day,' becomes more and more the frequent exclamation. It is, I believe, one of those shadows which deepen on the mind as it approaches to its close. It is a new and a dreadful sensation to the poet when he first finds that 'his spirits do not come when he does call to them;' or that they will only come in one which makes him cry, 'take any shape but that.' It is a new sensation to be glad of any little return of power, and a most painful one. Walter now rejoiced whenever he did a morn-

ing's work. Alas! the real was struggling with the ideal. After writing a few pages, he suddenly paused; and, pushing the papers aside, exclaimed, 'What a mockery this is! I do not know myself what I write for. Money!—why should I make more than will hold this miserable alliance firm—just keep body and soul together? and sometimes I ask, is it worth even doing that? Fame!—alas! what would I now give to hope, to believe in it, as I used to do! but it is far off, and cold; it lies beyond the grave. And love—it is a bitter thing to love in vain!—to feel that none will ever know the deep tenderness, the desire for sympathy, the sweet wealth of thought that is garnered in your heart. How passionately I wish to be beloved again! to pour out my whole soul, were it but for a day, and then die! The emotion exhausted him; for Walter had tried a frame, naturally delicate, too severely. The vigil and the revel, the hour of social excitement, and that of solitary suffering, were alike doing their work. Bodily weakness mastered for a time the mind. The tears filled his eyes, and he closed them; a few moments more, and he was asleep. He had slept for about half an hour when there came a low rap at the door; this did not disturb him: and the applicant, who had a key that fitted the lock, opened, and came in without further ceremony. It was Lavinia Fenton, gaily but richly dressed; the world had gone well with her. She took off her mask and laid it on the table, together with a small basket; and, looking around, saw Walter asleep on the sofa. She bent over him for a few minutes with an expression of anxiety and tenderness, which, for the time, quite subdued the expression of her bold, though fine features. Sleep shewed the change that a few minutes had wrought. The soft brown hair was damp, and the dew stood on the white forehead, where the blue veins were azure as a woman's. You saw the pulses beat in the clear temples, and the chest heaved with the quick throbbing of the heart. The cheek was flushed with rich unnatural crimson; but both around the mouth and eyes hung a faint dark shadow, the surest herald of disease. The hand, too, how white and emaciated it was! yet with a feverish pink inside. The girl leaned over him—vain, coquettish, selfish; the degradation inevitable from her position lowering even more a nature not originally of fine material; yet one spot in her heart was generous, and even pure. She loved him. Had she been beloved again, her whole being would have changed; for his sake she would have done any thing, and could have become any thing. Lavinia was clever—a coarse, shrewd kind of cleverness, quick to perceive its own interest, and unscrupulous in pursuing it. She had no delicacy, no keen feelings that got in her way. She had made great progress on the stage, was a favourite with the public, and, if not happy, was, at all events, often very well amused. Still her heart clung to Walter: she knew that he loved another, that the connexion between themselves was rather endured than solicited on his part; still she had for him a careful and disinterested tenderness, that half redeemed her faults—at least, it shewed that all of good and feminine kindness was not quite extinct within her. She leaned over him, while her eyes filled with tears. 'He is dying,' muttered she, in a low whisper; 'he has too little of this world in him to last long in it,' and she buried her face in her hands. But it was no part of Lavinia's system to fret long over any thing: she was too selfish, perhaps we should say, too thoughtless, for prolonged sorrow. Life

appeared to her too short to be wasted in unavailing regret. It is the creed of many beside our young actress. She rose softly from her knees, flung back the hair that had fallen over her face, dashed aside the tears, and muttered, 'It is that he has not been in bed all night.' She then began to make preparations for breakfast, took the fruit and cream from her basket; and it was the fragrant smoke of the coffee that roused Walter from his sleep. It was curious to note the difference between the two whom circumstances had so thrown together; those circumstances, all that was in common to them. Lavinia—shrewd, careless, clever; ready to meet any difficulty, however humiliating, that might occur; utterly without principle; confident in that good fortune which she scrupled at no means of attaining—was the very type of the real. Walter was the ideal—generous, high-minded, clear in perception; but sensitive, even weak, in action: or, rather, too apt to imagine a world full of lofty aims and noble impulses, and then fancying that was the world in which he had to live."

We had marked many other passages for quotation, but we have already exceeded our limits. The above, however, are specimens of the various talent displayed in these pages. The most finished character is that of Walter Maynard, in whose career is traced the usual fate of genius; poor, depressed, but supported to the last by the glorious consciousness within. There is also some beautiful description of London, though we must remind our author that Northumberland House is not of Gothic architecture. We must conclude by saying, that whether for dramatic interest of story, knowledge of character, wit, or thought, *Ethel Churchill* is far superior to any of Miss Landon's former works.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Vol. Fifth. Edinburgh, 1837, Cadell; London, Murray, and Whittaker.

THIS is one of the most interesting volumes; for though, as the editor says, "the muffled drum" will soon be heard, it has not been heard—and these pages present a delightful picture of Scott's daily and domestic life. The part we like best is Captain Hall's journal. We do not at all agree with the extreme eulogium passed by the editor, that "Sir Walter Scott was never subjected to sharper observation." For all the mental analysis contained in this journal, Sir Walter, if never exposed to more, had not much to be "subjected" to in the way of "observation." We must also add a doubt of the propriety, to say nothing of the delicacy, of keeping such record of any private society in which you may happen to be introduced. But Captain Hall obviously considers that God created the world to have an account published of it afterwards; and go where he will, do what he will, the result is a book. But a work like the present calls chiefly for extract; and we shall make forthwith our miscellaneous selection.

Scott and Davy together.—"His host and he delighted in each other; and the modesty of their mutual admiration was a memorable spectacle. Davy was by nature a poet; and Scott, though any thing but a philosopher in the modern sense of that term, might, I think it very likely, have pursued the study of physical science with zeal and success, had he happened to fall in with such an instructor as Sir Humphry would have been to him, in his early life. Each strove to make the other talk; and they did so, in turn, more charmingly than I ever heard either on any other occasion whatsoever. Scott,

in his romantic narratives, touched a deeper chord of feeling than usual, when he had such a listener as Davy; and Davy, when induced to open his views upon any question of scientific interest in Scott's presence, did so with a degree of clear energetic eloquence, and with a flow of imagery and illustration, of which neither his habitual tone of table-talk (least of all in London), nor any of his prose writings (except, indeed, the posthumous 'Consolations of Travel'), could suggest an adequate notion. I say his prose writings; for who that has read his sublime quatrains on the doctrine of Spinoza can doubt that he might have united, if he had pleased, in some great didactic poem, the vigorous ratiocination of Dryden and the moral majesty of Wordsworth? I remember William Laidlaw whispering to me, one night, when their 'rapt talk' had kept the circle round the fire until long after the usual bedtime of Abbotsford, 'Gude preserve us! this is a very superior occasion! Eh, sirs!' he added, cocking his eye like a bird, 'I wonder if Shakespeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up?'"

The Abbotsford Hunt.—"The other 'superior occasion' came later in the season; the 26th of October, the birthday of Sir Walter's eldest son, was, I think, that usually selected for the Abbotsford Hunt. This was a coursing-field on a large scale, including, with as many of the young gentry as pleased to attend, all Scott's personal favourites among the yeomen and farmers of the surrounding country. The sheriff always took the field, but latterly devolved the command upon his good friend, Mr. John Usher, the ex-laird of Toftfield; and he could not have had a more skilful or a better-humoured lieutenant. The hunt took place either on the moors above the Cauld-Shiels Loch, or over some of the hills on the estate of Gala; and we had commonly, ere we returned, hares enough to supply the wife of every farmer that attended with soup for a week following. The whole then dined at Abbotsford, the sheriff in the chair, Adam Ferguson croupier, and Dominic Thomson, of course, chaplain. George, by the way, was himself an eager partaker in the preliminary sport; and now he would favour us with a grace, in Burns's phrase, 'as long as my arm,' beginning with thanks to the Almighty, who had given man dominion over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, and expatiating on this text with so luculent a commentary, that Scott, who had been fumbling with his spoon long before he reached his Amen, could not help exclaiming as he sat down, 'Well done, Mr. George! I think we've had every thing but the view holla!' The company, whose onset had been thus deferred, were seldom, I think, under thirty in number; and sometimes they exceeded forty. The feast was such as suited the occasion—a baron of beef, roasted, at the foot of the table; a salted round at the head; while tureens of hare-soup, hotch-potch, and cockyleekie, extended down the centre; and such light articles as geese, turkeys, entire sucking pigs, a singed sheep's head, and the unfailing haggis, were set forth by way of side-dishes. Blackcock and moor-fowl, bushels of snipe, black puddings, white puddings, and pyramids of pancakes, formed the second course. Ale was the favourite beverage during dinner, but there was plenty of port and sherry for those whose stomachs they suited. The quaghs of Glenlivet were filled brimful, and tossed off as if they held water. The wine decanters made a few rounds of the table, but the hints for hot punch and toddy

soon became clamorous. Two or three bowls were introduced, and placed under the supervision of experienced manufacturers (one of these being usually the Ettrick Shepherd), and then the business of the evening commenced in good earnest. The faces shone and glowed like those at Camacho's wedding: the chairman told his richest stories of old rural life, Lowland or Highland; Ferguson and humbler heroes fought their peninsular battles o'er again; the stalwart Dandie Dinmonts lugged out their last winter's snow-storm, the parish scandal, perhaps, or the dexterous bargain of the Northumberland *tryste*; and every man was knocked down for the song that he sung best, or took most pleasure in singing. Sheriff-substitute Shortreed—(a cheerful, hearty, little man, with a sparkling eye and a most infectious laugh)—gave us 'Dick o' the Cow,' or, 'Now Liddesdale has ridden a raid'; a weather-beaten, stiff-bearded veteran, *Captain* Ormiston, as he was called (though I doubt if his rank was recognised at the Horse Guards), had the primitive pastoral of 'Cowdenknowes' in sweet perfection; Hogg produced 'The Women folk,' or, 'The Kye comes hame,' and, in spite of many grinding notes, contrived to make every body delighted, whether with the fun or the pathos of his ballad; the Melrose doctor sang, in spirited style, some of Moore's masterpieces; a couple of retired sailors joined in 'Bould Admiral Duncan upon the high sea;' and the gallant croupier crowned the last bowl with 'Ale, good ale, thou art my darling!' Imagine some smart Parisian *savants*—some dreamy pedant of Halle or Heidelberg—a brace of stray young lords from Oxford or Cambridge, or, perhaps, their prim college tutors, planted here and there amidst these rustic vassals—this being their first vision of the author of 'Marmion' and 'Ivanhoe,' and he appearing as heartily at home in the scene as if he had been a veritable Dandie himself—his face radiant, his laugh gay as childhood, his chorus always ready. And so it proceeded until some worthy, who had fifteen or twenty miles to ride home, began to insinuate that his wife and bairns would be getting sorely anxious about the fords, and the Dumbles and Hoddins were at last heard neighing at the gate, and it was voted that the hour had come for *doch an dorraach*—the stirrup-cup—to wit, a bumper all round of the unmitigated mountain dew. How they all contrived to get home in safety, Heaven only knows! but I never heard of any serious accident, except upon one occasion, when James Hogg made a bet at starting that he would leap over his wall-eyed pony as she stood, and broke his nose in this experiment of 'o'ervaulting ambition.' One comely good-wife, far off among the hills, amused Sir Walter by telling him, the next time he passed her homestead after one of these jolly doings, what her husband's first words were when he alighted at his own door—'Ailie, my woman, I'm ready for my bed! And oh, lass (he gallantly added), I wish I could sleep for a tow-mont; for there's only as thing in this world worth living for, and that's the Abbotsford hunt!'"

Business, and Messrs. Constable.—"Sir Walter concluded, before he went to town in November, another negotiation of importance with this house. They agreed to give for the remaining copyright of the four novels published between December 1819 and January 1821—to wit, 'Ivanhoe,' the 'Monastery,' the 'Abbot,' and 'Kenilworth'—the sum of five thousand guineas. The stipulation about not revealing the author's name, under a penalty of

2000*l*. was repeated. By these four novels, the fruits of scarcely more than twelve months' labour, he had already cleared at least 10,000*l*. before this bargain was completed. They, like their predecessors, were now issued in a collective shape, under the title of 'Historical Romances, by the Author of Waverley.' I cannot pretend to guess what the actual state of Scott's pecuniary affairs was at the time when John Ballantyne's death relieved them from one great source of complication and difficulty. But I have said enough to satisfy every reader, that, when he began the second, and far the larger, division of his building at Abbotsford, he must have contemplated the utmost sum it could cost him as a mere trifle in relation to the resources at his command. He must have reckoned on clearing 30,000*l*., at least, in the course of a couple of years, by the novels written within such a period. The publisher of his Tales, who best knew how they were produced, and what they brought of gross profit, and who must have had the strongest interest in keeping the author's name untarnished by any risk or reputation of failure, would willingly, as we have seen, have given him 6000*l*. more, within a space of two years, for works of a less serious sort, likely to be despatched at leisure hours, without at all interfering with the main manufacture. But, alas! even this was not all. Messrs. Constable had such faith in the prospective fertility of his imagination, that they were by this time quite ready to sign bargains and grant bills for novels and romances to be produced hereafter, but of which the subjects and the names were alike unknown to them and to the man from whose pen they were to proceed. A forgotten satirist well says,

'The active principle within
Works on some brains the effect of gin';

but in his case, every external influence combined to stir the flame, and swell the intoxication of restless exuberant energy. His allies knew, indeed, what he did not, that the sale of his novels was rather less than it had been in the days of 'Ivanhoe'; and hints had sometimes been dropped to him, that it might be well to try the effects of a pause. But he always thought—and James Ballantyne had decidedly the same opinion—that his best things were those which he threw off the most easily and swiftly; and it was no wonder that his booksellers, seeing how immeasurably even his worst excelled in popularity, as in merit, any other person's best, should have shrunk from the experiment of a decisive damper. On the contrary, they might be excused for from time to time flattering themselves that if the books sold at a less rate, this might be counterpoised by still greater rapidity of production. They could not make up their minds to cast the peerless vessel adrift; and, in short, after every little whisper of prudential misgiving, echoed the unflinching burden of Ballantyne's song—to push on, hoisting more and more sail as the wind lulled. He was as eager to do as they could be to suggest—and this I well knew at the time. I had, however, no notion, until all his correspondence lay before me, of the extent to which he had permitted himself thus early to build on the chances of life, health, and continued popularity. Before the 'Fortunes of Nigel' issued from the press, Scott had exchanged instruments, and received his booksellers' bills, for no less than 'four works of fiction'—not one of them otherwise described in the deeds of agreement—to be produced in unbroken succession, each of them to fill at least three volumes, but with proper saving

clauses as to increase of copy-money, in case any of them should run to four. And within two years all this anticipation had been wiped off by 'Peveril of the Peak,' 'Quentin Durward,' 'St. Ronan's Well,' and 'Redgauntlet'; and the new castle was by that time complete, and overflowing with all its splendour; but by that time the end also was approaching!

The Use of Gas.—"The effect of the new apparatus in the dining-room at Abbotsford was at first superb. In sitting down to table, in autumn, no one observed that in each of three chandeliers (one of them being of very great dimensions) there lurked a little tiny bead of red light. Dinner passed off, and the sun went down; and suddenly, at the turning of a screw, the room was filled with a gush of splendour worthy of the palace of Aladdin; but, as in the case of Aladdin, the old lamp would have been better in the upshot. Jewellery sparkled, but cheeks and lips looked cold and wan in this fierce illumination; and the eye was wearied, and the brow ached, if the sitting was at all protracted. I confess, however, that my chief enmity to the whole affair arises from my conviction that Sir Walter's own health was damaged, in his latter years, in consequence of his habitually working at night under the intense and burning glare of a broad star of gas, which hung, as it were, in the air, immediately over his writing-table."

The Pleasures of Planting.—"You can have no idea of the exquisite delight of a planter; he is like a painter laying on his colours,—at every moment he sees his effects coming out. There is no art or occupation comparable to this; it is full of past, present, and future enjoyment. I look back to the time when there was not a tree here, only bare heath; I look round and see thousands of trees growing up, all of which, I may say almost each of which, have received my personal attention. I remember five years ago looking forward, with the most delighted expectation, to this very hour, and as each year has passed the expectation has gone on increasing. I do the same now; I anticipate what this plantation and that one will presently be, if only taken care of, and there is not a spot of which I do not watch the progress. Unlike building, or even painting, or indeed any other kind of pursuit, this has no end, and is never interrupted, but goes on from day to day, and from year to year, with a perpetually augmenting interest. Farming I hate. What have I to do with fattening and killing beasts, or raising corn only to cut it down, and to wrangle with farmers about prices, and to be constantly at the mercy of the seasons? There can be no such disappointments or annoyances in planting trees."

What a subject for one of Scott's own ballads in the following legend!

"There was," said he, "a very merry party collected in a town in France, and amongst all the gay lords and ladies there assembled, there was none who caused so great a sensation as a beautiful young lady, who danced, played, and sang in the most exquisite style. There were only two unaccountable circumstances belonging to her: one was that she never went to church nor attended family prayers; the other, that she always wore a slender black velvet band or girdle round her waist. She was often asked about these peculiarities, but she always evaded the interrogatories, and still by her amiable manners and beauty won all hearts. One evening, in a dance, her partner saw an opportunity of pulling the loop of her little black girdle behind. It fell to the ground, and immediately the lady became pale as a sheet—then gradual-

ly shrunk and shrunk—till at length nothing was to be seen in her place but a small heap of gray ashes!"

Gratitude for an unexpected benefit, or a marriage under very peculiar circumstances:

"My cousin, Watty Scott," said he, "was a midshipman some forty years ago in a ship at Portsmouth; he and two other companions had gone on shore, and had overstaid their leave, spent all their money, and run up an immense bill at a tavern on the Point. The ship made the signal for sailing; but their landlady said, 'No, gentlemen, you shall not escape without paying your reckoning;' and she accompanied her words by appropriate actions, and placed them under the tender keeping of a sufficient party of bailiffs. They felt that they were in a scrape, and petitioned very hard to be released. 'No, no,' said Mrs. Quickly, 'I must be satisfied one way or t'other: you must be well aware, gentlemen, that you will be totally ruined if you don't get on board in time.' They made long faces, and confessed that it was but too true. 'Well,' said she, 'I'll give you one chance. I am so circumstanced here that I cannot carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband—or, at all events, I must be able to produce a marriage certificate; and, therefore, the only terms on which you shall all three have leave to go on board to-morrow morning is, that one of you consent to marry me. I don't care a d—n which it is; but, by all that's holy, one of you I will have, or else you all three go to jail, and your ship sails without you!' The virago was not to be pacified; and the poor youths, left to themselves, agreed after a time to draw lots, and it happened to fall on my cousin. No time was lost, and off they marched to church, and my poor relative was forthwith spliced. The bride, on returning, gave them a good substantial dinner and several bottles of wine a-piece, and, having tumbled them into a wherry, sent them off. The ship sailed, and the young men religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had taken previous to drawing lots. The bride, I should have said, merely wanted to be married, and was the first to propose an eternal separation. Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the midshipmen's berth; and Watty, who was observed to be looking over them carelessly, reading an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth, suddenly jumped up, in his ecstasy forgot his obligation of secrecy, and cried out, 'Thanks be to God, my wife is hanged!'"

Romantic Story of a projected Robbery at Birmingham.—"I like Bolton," continued Sir Walter; "he is a brave man; and who can dislike the brave? He shewed this on a remarkable occasion. He had engaged to coin, for some foreign prince, a large quantity of gold. This was found out by some desperadoes, who resolved to rob the premises; and, as a preliminary step, tried to bribe the porter. The porter was an honest fellow: he told Bolton that he was offered a hundred pounds to be blind and deaf next night. Take the money, was the answer, and I shall protect the place. Midnight came: the gates opened as if by magic; the interior doors, secured with patent locks, opened as of their own accord; and three men, with dark lanterns, entered, and went straight to the gold. Bolton had prepared some flax steeped in turpentine: he dropped fire upon it; a sudden light filled all the place, and, with his assistants, he rushed forward on the robbers. The leader saw in a moment he was betrayed, turned on the porter, and, shooting him dead, burst through all

obstruction; and, with an ingot of gold in his hand, scaled the wall and escaped."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

Copy of Instructions to Colonel Chesney, together with Abstract of Correspondence, and Accounts of Expedition relative to that Enterprise. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 17th July, 1837.

THE present Report contains much valuable and authentic matter concerning an expedition in which we have always taken the greatest interest, and of which we gladly avail ourselves, to ascertain the causes of the breaking up of the enterprise, and of the general feeling that has gone abroad of its failure in accomplishing its proposed object.

The letter of instructions from the Duke of Wellington to Colonel Chesney, is of a general nature; that from Lord Ellenborough appears only to notice a descent of the river Euphrates, in the event of which, and the season being favourable, the steam-boats were to proceed to Bombay. The original grant for the expedition amounted to 20,000*l.* and this subsequently was, by the purchase made of the two iron steam-boats by the East India Company, increased by 5000*l.* The difficulties which were met with by the expedition at the outset—from the opposition of the government in Syria, by which a hastened transit of the vessels, engines, and their matériel, across the land from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates at Bir, was converted into a laborious and expensive undertaking—which occupied nearly one year's incessant exertion, is well known to the readers of the *Literary Gazette*. Sympathising with these trials, and more especially with the serious illness of Colonel Chesney, and of many of his officers and men, a further grant of 5000*l.* was made by his majesty's government early in the ensuing year. The expedition had not, however, yet taken its departure; and, wearied with such long procrastination, an accumulation of expense, and an erroneous report that the descent would not commence till May; ministers, whose patience had been so long tried, withdrew from the responsibility, and such measures were directed to be taken as might be practicable to terminate the expedition by the 31st of July, 1836.

At this anxious moment fortune favoured the expedition; the steam-vessels were floating down the river by the 17th of March, the commander's letters once more breathed hope and confidence, and Sir John Hobhouse, in a letter full of feeling (1st June, 1836), authorised the objects of the mission to be pursued until the end of January, 1837. The ascent of the Euphrates was now also contemplated by his majesty's ministers, and despatches were to be sent out by the Tartarus steam-vessel, by the period calculated for the return of the steamers.

It was under these auspicious circumstances that Providence visited the expedition with the melancholy loss of the Tigris steam-boat, and of so many valuable lives. By this event the enterprise was deprived of the only vessel upon which it could rely for a reascent of the Euphrates river during the low season, should the time already elapsed drive it to that period before the Indian mail should be received. The condolences of his late majesty upon the sad bereavement, as recorded in the report before us, do honour to his head and heart.

The Euphrates steamer reached Basra on the 19th of June, without any further accident, passing through the redoubtable Lemloom marshes, where the channel was, by many, sup-

posed to be lost, every where (with one or more trifling exceptions) meeting with kindness and good feeling on the part of the natives, having received tokens of submission from intelligent agricultural tribes, made peaceful alliances with the restless Bedouins, and bartered goods with the residents in communities. The prospects of the navigation of the river Euphrates stood, indeed, in a very different light to what they had been a year ago!

We gather from a letter of Colonel Chesney's, dated so far back as March the 18th, that he proposed to commence the ascent of the river with an Indian mail by the 9th of July, and we find this intention reiterated in his letter of May 20th, on the occasion of the loss of the Tigris, and again on his arrival at Basra, on the 19th of June.

The anticipated absence at Basra of all facilities for ship construction, so strongly urged by the commander against those who advocated the putting together the steamers at that end of the river, had too plainly manifested itself where repairs, we believe, had become actually necessary; and under these circumstances, although the Euphrates was not, by her construction, adapted for the sea, as the weather was yet fine, Colonel Chesney determined upon crossing the head of the Persian Gulf to Bushire, and there obtain his refitting, and a supply of provisions, now exhausted. We mention this, because, in a letter, dated 30th November, 1836, Sir John Hobhouse expresses, in the most candid manner, how much he will be disappointed if, by waiting for the despatches, the opportunity should be lost of performing "that which is generally, although, perhaps, unjustly, considered as being the most important, and the most difficult part of the enterprise," viz. the reascent of the river.

The mail from India did not make its appearance in Bushire at the time that was expected by Colonel Chesney, which was somewhere about the 11th of July. The water, as we learn from his letter of June 19th, had been falling ever since the expedition left Beles, and fearful lest the continued delay of the mail from Bombay might prevent the ascent until the water should be too low for the vessel (letter of July 24th), the commander proceeded across the Gulf to Graine, in order to provide means to bring down the London mail for India from Aleppo.

At length the Sir Henry Compton, having made the passage during the south-west monsoon in twenty-four days, arrived, bringing the intelligence that the Shannon schooner had left Bombay with despatches on the 5th of July, eleven days before the transport. Colonel Chesney lost no time in finishing the preparations of the steamer, and she was ultimately taken in tow by the Hon. East India Company's sloop of war, *Elphinstone*, as far as to the mouth of the river, where, the steam being put on, she sailed up to Mohammera, at the mouth of the Karoon.

Never idle when an opportunity afforded itself of completing the various objects connected with the expedition, and which included the survey of the rivers connected with the Euphrates, and the countries adjacent thereto, Colonel Chesney turned the period of waiting for the Shannon to account by attempting an ascent of the Karoon, which was effected to a considerable distance, and, subsequently, an exploration of the Bahamsheer was made.

On Thursday, September 13th, the Shannon anchored off the mouth of the Mohammera channel, having a home mail, with despatches

for the expedition and for the Baghdad Residency, and which brought word that a further mail might be expected by the end of the month. Under these circumstances, the Shannon was despatched to Graine, to take up the London mail, for which arrangements had been made to be conveyed to that spot, but which were unfortunately thwarted with regard to time, by the dreadfully falling sick; while Col. Chesney, buoyed up with the hope of conveying the letters to be brought by the Hugh Lyndsay up the line of the Euphrates,—“an important matter,” he observes, in his letter of the 15th August, 1836, on which “I feel some doubt with reference to the decrease of water,”—and guided by private intelligence received of the state of the upper countries, having no reference to the Arabs (see “General Statement of the Labours and Proceedings,” &c.), resolved upon attempting the ascent of the yet unexplored Tigris to Baghdad, with the Shannon mail, which was to be transmitted from that city, and the descent in time for the mail expected by the Hugh Lyndsay. This was accomplished; but, unfortunately, the death of the engineer, and the Arabs sent from Baghdad to cut wood having failed, the time was prolonged. On the return, the coal-boats having got into disputes with the Arabs, were forced to retrace their steps to Korna; and, by these untoward events, which could only happen in a first and experimental navigation, the Euphrates only arrived at Korna by the 16th of October, the Hugh Lyndsay having preceded her by twelve days.

The river was now at her very lowest. Nothing daunted, however, Col. Chesney took on board two passengers, cleaned the engine, shipped his coals, and started up the river Euphrates the ensuing day. Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding which had taken place between the Arabs and the Hugh Lyndsay, on account of her having brought up with her, as passenger, a person well known in these districts for his religious ardour, and upon which subject we observe some judicious observations in the letter of Major Estcourt to Colonel Chesney, p. 48, a visit to the Sheik of Montefridge was necessitated; but it did not delay the steamer long. By the letter dated 28th Oct., we find the vessel engaged in the Lemloom marshes, where her paddles were obliged to be unshipped, and herself warped through the narrow channel, until the 30th, when a serious crack in the cross-head of the larboard air-pump took place, occasioned by some gravel, which, having been sucked in at the bottom of the air-pump, had obstructed its free working.

Under these circumstances, it was necessary to abandon the attempt at an ascent at so late and unfavourable a season of the year. Mr. Fitzjames was sent on with the mail in a native boat, and the two passengers took the same opportunity of proceeding onwards on their journey. The party was subjected, however, to a “systematic pillage” by the Arabs of Lemloom (letter of Mr. Fitzjames, to Sir John Hobhouse, 14th January, 1837), and a loss of money, jewels, and curiosities from India, estimated at about 400*l.*, was sustained. The mails were not opened, and ultimately Mr. Fitzjames arrived in safety with them at Malta, from whence they were forwarded to England.

The Euphrates returned along side the Hugh Lyndsay to get her repairs made; and still apparently anxious that time and opportunity might be given for an ascent of the river during the approaching high season, Colonel Chesney resolved upon proceeding to Bombay, leaving the steamer under the command of Major

Estcourt, with instructions, by following which important services might be rendered to geography, to history, and to the general objects of the expedition, previous to the time which would be most appropriate for an ascent of the river Euphrates.

On the 14th of November, Colonel Chesney left the Euphrates steamer to go on board the *Hugh Lyndsay*, and the former sailed for Mohammera. Here she was detained five days waiting for coal from Basra, when she commenced the ascent of the Karoon, while another party proceeded by the Dorack canal to Felahia, the seat of the Sheik of Dorack, and from thence by land across to Hawaz, which they reached on the 23d November, and found the steamer already anchored beneath several formidable ledges of rock, which cross the river at this place, and form an almost insuperable bar to steam navigation.

The party prepared then to proceed up the river in a native boat, which they did by Weiss to Bendekill, at the junction of the Dez river and the Karoon, when, according to the letter of Major Estcourt to Sir John Hobhouse, of 20th December, 1836, tribute was demanded and refused; and, after a scuffle to bring the anchor on board, the boat was allowed to return without having accomplished the great object of the mission, which, according to the instructions, we find to be the very important determination of the true position of Sus, and the clearing up the many doubts which hang upon the different rivers of Susiana. Many points of great interest to historical and to descriptive geography were, however, obtained by this interrupted expedition.

On the 3d of December, the steamer left Hawaz, arrived at Mohammera the 5th, explored the Bahamsheer the 6th and 7th, and sailed up to Basra the 9th. It appears from Major Estcourt's letters, that the steamer left Korna on the 13th of the same month for the Tigris, and on the first day's journey overtook a coal-boat, which had been stopped by the Arabs, and an hour afterwards a second boat in the same predicament. Both boats were taken in tow, a scene which excited the wonder of the Arabs beyond all description, and the steamer arrived in safety at Baghdad the 20th December.

Little intelligence has yet been communicated to the public regarding the latest proceedings of the expedition, and what occurred subsequently to its breaking up. As we have much interesting matter upon these subjects, we shall defer their further notice until next week, when we shall, also, take up some practical points, as the consumption of coals, the formation of dépôts, and their security, and the opinions formed upon the practicability of the navigation of the Euphrates by the different officers, compared with other routes.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

SEVENTH MEETING: LIVERPOOL.
(Fourth notice.)

On Thursday, all the Sections continued their labours with unremitting activity, not, perhaps, excepting the Natural History body, which went to Lord Derby's, and, in spite of a wet day, not only enjoyed the sight of his lordship's fine collection, but, also, of his fine collation.

SECTION A.

Mr. Lubbock read a report of the committee appointed at the last annual meeting, for the purpose of preparing empirical tables of the moon. The report complained of the very few

observations of the moon which had been reduced and were available for the purpose of forming the required tables, and suggested the expediency of encouraging such observations for the future. Sir W. Hamilton thought the object contemplated by the committee was one which might very properly be urged on the attention of government.

Professor Henry then read an interesting paper 'On the Lateral Discharge in Common Electricity.' He observed, that when a discharge took place from the Leyden jar by a perfect conductor, there was at the same time a slight lateral discharge from the jar itself; and entered into a variety of details to shew the different phenomena to which this lateral discharge gave rise.

Professor Steeley remarked that this subject was of the greatest importance, as affording a clue to the connexion of certain phenomena in galvanic electricity, with others pertaining to common electricity.

The learned Professor then read a paper by Sir D. Brewster, 'On the Crystalline Lens.'

Dr. Reade read a paper 'On the Production of a Permanent Soap-bubble, for shewing Newton's Rings.' Dr. Reade's plan was, to take a small phial with about two ounces of a solution of Castilian soap, in distilled water, and, after inserting the phial in boiling water, until a vapour was generated which filled the bottle, he then closed the mouth of the bottle, and immediately condensed the vapour, which left a perfect vacuum in the upper part. Then, by a certain manipulation, bubbles might be created in the bottle, which would remain sufficiently long for the purpose of being submitted to investigation.

Professor Christie read a paper 'On the Aurora Borealis, in Summer.' It was a singular phenomenon that the aurora borealis should have made its appearance in summer, as it did last year; respecting which, he related a variety of curious particulars. It was remarkable that there had not been a single month during the year which had not afforded an aurora. One very extraordinary circumstance took place on one of these occasions, when certain dark arches seemed to break through, and cause the disruption of the luminous arches. Allusion was also made to the disturbance of the magnetic influence, which took place simultaneously with the appearance of the aurora, and which had been observed, in one case, both by Professor Christie in England, and Professor Henry in Albany, America, at the very same time. It was suggested, as an object worthy of investigation, by the members of the association, that observations should be made on the appearance of the dark and luminous arches in the aurora borealis, with a view to determine the connexion of the phenomena with those of magnetism.

Mr. Snow Harris read a report on the subject of meteorological observations made by him at Greenwich, during the last five years. Dr. Lloyd announced that similar observations would be shortly undertaken in Ireland, under the superintendence of the officers of the survey.

Mr. Southwood read a report of the observations made by him at Plymouth, on Mr. Whewell's anemometer; in the course of which, he suggested a variety of improvements in the construction of the machine.

Sir D. Brewster read a paper 'On a New Property in Light discovered by him.'

Professor Lloyd produced a report on simultaneous observations on the horizontal needle.

Captain Denham, R.N., then proceeded to exhibit his improved mode of producing a red

light in light-houses. This gave rise to considerable discussion, in which Professor Faraday and Sir David Brewster took part. They could not question the fact of a brighter light being produced, but they seemed to doubt the optical principles upon which it was endeavoured to be accounted for.

SECTION B.

Mr. Faraday, in the chair, directed the attention to the importance of the paper about to be read; viz., the 'Report by Dr. T. Thomson, of Glasgow, on the comparative Analysis of Iron as manufactured by the hot and by the cold blast.' Our readers will observe that this subject, of so much interest to iron-masters, as well as to every manufacturer who uses machinery, was also discussed at great length in the Section of Mechanics, where it was ably brought forward by Mr. Fairbairn. The details, in both cases, are minute and complicated; and, though, after all the experiments being made, on iron of different kinds, and of different component parts, it was obvious that no certain determination could be come to on the subject, still the approximation towards practical results, and the accumulation of data for future experiments, are among the valuable contributions to useful science made at this meeting: and the further grant of a sum of money for the continuance of the inquiry shews, at once, that it still needs to be prosecuted, and has not arrived at a more satisfactory conclusion than this, that much depends upon the quality of the iron. One sort does better under the hot blast, and another under the cold. Mr. Fairbairn's experiments were tried on Welsh iron; Dr. Thomson's, on Scotch.

Dr. Thomson said this analysis had been undertaken in consequence of the difference of opinion which had prevailed at Bristol, at the last meeting of the Association, upon the comparative advantages of these blasts. He did not know what had been done by Drs. Dalton and Henry (named on the committee with him), for, living at a great distance from these gentlemen, he took it for granted that it was intended that each individual should make separate experiments. A great quantity of cast iron was made near Glasgow, amounting annually to 200,000 tons. Glasgow was surrounded by one of the richest coal fields, and the iron ore near was of chloride quality. Of this ore he had analysed more than 30 different specimens, selected with great care. In general, some notion might be formed of the goodness of ore by its specific gravity,—the higher the gravity the better the ore; but this rule was not without exceptions, as the heaviest ore he met with was alloyed with a mixture of coal, by which its value was depreciated. The heaviest iron-stone he had met with in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, had a specific gravity of 3.880; but the richest ore in that neighbourhood was 3.056. It contained the following substances:—

Carbonate of Iron	85.44
Lime	5.94
Coal	3.03
Peroxide of Iron	0.23
Carbonated Magnesia	3.71
Silicium	1.40
Aluminium	0.08

or nearly 85½ per cent of iron. The quantity of silicium and aluminium was peculiarly small, amounting only to two per cent, although, in some specimens of iron-stone, it existed to the extent of 45 per cent. In a bed of iron-stone found near Johnstone, there was 85 per cent of iron, and 12½ per cent of aluminium and silicium. The lightest specimen of iron-stone he had met with, was 2.285, and contained no more than 39 per cent of iron. Before the ore is put into

the furnace, it is always roasted to drive off the carbonic acid, which reduced it 35 per cent. Lime is then introduced with it in the furnace as a fluid. The purest limestone used contained 24½ per cent of calcium. The coal used for fuel gave 10 per cent of ashes. Coal was seldom quite free from pyrites, which accounted for the quantities of sulphur formed in cast iron. When iron was smelted in former times, 10 tons of coal were required for the reduction of one ton of iron. In 1823, when the mode of heating the air was brought into operation, and blasts sufficiently hot to melt lead were introduced into the furnace, 2 tons 19 cwt. were only required for the same purpose, 19 cwt. of which were consumed in heating the air, and in heating the boilers of the steam-engine used. He considered that coals were used with more economy in the hot than in the cold blast, because by the cold blast the heat was carried up the chimney and dispersed, whilst in the hot the heat was instantaneously communicated to the iron-stone. This greater concentration of combustion must melt the iron in a greater degree; this accounts for the smaller quantity of lime required for fusing the clay, and thence the greater quantity of cast iron obtained from a furnace in a given time. The Carron iron-works supplied him with specimens of No. 1 iron, made from hot and cold furnaces, The Carron Company had the reputation of making cast iron of very good quality. The specific gravity of cast iron, smelted by cold blasts, is less than that smelted by hot blasts. The following was the gravity of a number of specimens of No. 1 cast iron, smelted by the cold blast, obtained from different furnaces: 5 from Muirkirk, of the following specific gravity: 6·410—6·435—6·493—6·579—6·775. Pyrites, 6·9944. From the Carron foundry, 6·9888. Clyde works, 7·008. In all these specimens of cast iron, other ingredients were found besides iron. Manganese was pretty generally present, in minute quantities. In one specimen it, however, amounted to 7 per cent, but the average was 2 per cent. Silicium was never wanting, its average being 1½ per cent, though some iron contained as much as 3½, whilst others contained only ½ per cent. Aluminium averaged 2 per cent, sometimes, however, reaching 4½ per cent, whilst in other cases it only amounted to 1/100th part. Calcium and magnesium likewise were found in minute quantities; they were not quite free from common pyrites. The following table will shew the proportions in which those substances existed in the different specimens analysed:—

	Muirk.	Do.	Do.	Pyrit.	Carr.	Clyde	Mean.
Iron	90·98	90·2	91·38	89·4	94·01	90·82	91·154
Copper	0·28
Manganese	7·14	2·00	..	0·626	2·46	2·037
Sulphur	0·04	..
Carbon	7·40	1·71	4·88	3·6	3·1	2·46	3·855
Silicium	0·46	0·8	1·1	3·2	1·0	0·45	1·177
Aluminium ..	0·48	0·16	..	3·77	1·03	4·6	1·651
Calcium	0·01	0·2
Magnesium	0·34	..

Nothing was more astonishing than the differences in the quantity of carbon, which existed in various proportions even when smelted at the same place. He had examined some hot iron said to have been Swedish, the specific gravity of which was 7·663, but which, owing to the presence of sulphur, which did not occur in Swedish, he did not believe to be such. Mr. Tennent had examined a specimen of cold-blast iron, No. 2, which contained 90½ per cent of iron. He had analysed five specimens of hot-blast iron, two of which were the Carron, and three from the Clyde iron-works, where the hot blast was first used, the specific gravity of which were, 7·0028—7·0721—1·1022—1·622—

while 7·0623 was the mean. The following table shews their constitution:—

	Clyde.	Carr.	Carr.	Clyde.	Clyde.
Iron	97·00	90·42	96·00	94·96	94·340
Manganese ..	0·332	0·336	0·41	0·16	3·12
Carbon	2·46	2·4	2·48	1·56	1·416
Silicium	0·28	1·32	1·42	1·32	0·52
Aluminium ..	0·38	0·48	0·26	1·37	0·209
Magnesium	0·79	..

This shews an average mean of 95½ per cent of iron. Hot-blast iron is thus obviously purer than cold-blast iron. The manufacture of the iron from the hot blast was not so tough as from the cold blast; but he did not know what they meant, as the two descriptions of iron took the same force to break them. The best steel produced at Glasgow, was made by Mr. Tennent, and found to be constituted as follows:—iron, 99·88; manganese, 0·190; carbon, 0·388. They never could get the exact 100 parts by analysis, and wherever they found them they might be certain it was an analysis made on paper. He considered that the goodness of the steel was owing to the absence of foreign substances. If they used the same quantities of coal with a hot blast as with a cold blast, they would not get iron at all; they must only use half the quantity of coal to the hot blast. Professor Thomson then exhibited specimens of iron No. 1, smelted by the hot and cold blast, from the same ore. The force required to break them was the same, being 2040 lbs., the iron being 9·8 thick. He also exhibited a chain forged of malleable round iron, 7½ thick, which had stood the test of 22 tons 7 cwt. or more than twelve tons above the Liverpool chain cable test. This iron had been forged from hot-blast iron.

A member asked whether half of the coal was saved by using the hot blast. Dr. Thomson said that two-thirds were saved. Mr. Guest asked whether any phosphorus had been found in the iron analysed by Dr. Thomson. Dr. Thomson said it was carefully looked for, but not found. Mr. Guest wished to know whether the wrought iron had been manufactured. Dr. Thomson said it was not, but prepared in the usual way. Mr. Tennent said that one bar was made by the single process, and the other by the double process. Mr. Guest said, that the specimens being iron of different qualities, it was rather deceiving them by comparing them together. Mr. Tennent said that the specimens were both hot-blast irons. Mr. Guest inquired whether the iron of which those specimens was prepared was refined. Mr. Tennent said it had merely been through the puddling furnace. Mr. Mushett inquired how Dr. Thomson accounted for the low specific gravity of the Muirkirk iron. Dr. Thomson replied that he did not account for it at all; he had only stated the fact. Mr. Mushett had no doubt that the quantity of carbon introduced into the crucible made iron rich. It was seen that the best iron contained four per cent of carbon. Mr. Guest wished to call the attention of Dr. Thomson to the hot short and cold short Staffordshire iron. When cold it was very tough, but would not bend when hot. Dr. Thomson begged to remind Mr. Guest that it was Mr. Tennent who had analysed the malleable iron, and not himself. Mr. Tennent had tried the iron produced, both hot and cold, and it was perfectly tough at all temperatures. Mr. Guest inquired whether he had tried it at a blood-red heat. Mr. Tennent said, that, as it was tried in every possible way, it would be singular if it had not been tried at that temperature. Mr. Faraday inquired whether the tests were made at different times with the same specimens, or different specimens of iron from the same mines used. Mr. Tennent replied, with different spe-

cimens. Mr. Guest wished to know whether any experiments had been made upon the loss in converting the hot-blast pig iron into malleable. A general impression prevailed that a much larger portion of hot-blast iron was lost in converting it into bars than of cold-blast pig iron: was any attention paid to this circumstance so as to ascertain the fact? Mr. Tennent said that no attention had been paid to the loss of weight; all that they had endeavoured to ascertain was the strength of the iron. Dr. Clarke spoke warmly against the cold blast, which led to some debate. Mr. Guest was in the habit of smelting 300 tons a-week of hot-blast iron; he had nine furnaces at work with cold blasts; and, from his experience, had found that a much larger portion of hot-blast iron is lost in converting it into malleable iron than of the cold blast. The impression on his mind was, that the character of the iron was not so good. He thought that the increased temperature of the first mode gave more silver and aluminium, which was prejudicial to the iron. Dr. Thomson said, that in Scotland all the iron was made from the ore, but in England it was the custom, besides the ore, to add a quantity of cinders. It was not fair to compare iron made with a mixture of iron and cinders with pure ore. Mr. Guest stated, that the two sorts of iron compared were similar in every respect. The hot-blast iron was made under the circumstances out of ore. It was well known that in converting pig iron into bar iron, a great quantity of oxide of iron was produced, and, if the progress were carried on long enough, all the iron would be converted into oxide of iron. If they made iron from cinders, a larger portion of the iron oxidated in the furnace than of the common iron. He wished to know how that arose? Mr. Mushett said, that specimens had been exhibited at the adjoining Section made from hot and cold; both of which had been smelted on a larger scale than in their experiments, and there could be no doubt that hot-blast iron made as good iron as cold-blast iron. If the iron be put through the refinery, there would be a greater loss, but not if boiled. The loss in puddling runs 2½ cwt. to the ton. Professor Johnson said, that in the report read by Dr. Thomson, something had been established. From a comparison of the tables it would be seen that the quantity of iron in the case of hot blasts runs five per cent more than the cold blasts. Then another extraordinary fact was established, that in no case was there a trace of phosphoric acid. This was the more extraordinary, as in certain districts, more particularly at Newcastle, iron ores contain a great quantity of it; and the fact was likewise established,—there were two bars prepared in precisely the same way, one of the cold and the other hot, 9·8 thick; and both of them had broken with 2040 lbs. They had broken with precisely the same weight. Therefore it appeared that iron might be prepared from the same ores of precisely the same strength. There was one other point of great interest, if the white or black iron be analysed, you get the same quantities of carbon. Mr. Faraday said the time for cooling iron made no difference in its chemical properties. The white and black iron, although differing in toughness, were not different in chemical analysis. Mr. Guest had tried the experiment some time ago. He had cooled iron quickly, and produced white iron, and cemented it afterwards, and the Jersey iron was afterwards produced of as good quality as possible. Professor Johnson inquired whether it was not proved that white iron did not make good malleable iron. Mr. Guest said,

that that iron which shewed a few gray specks of carbon, but not too much, made the best malleable iron. He suggested to Dr. Thomson, that if he should continue his inquiries, it was very important that he should analyse the oxides produced from either of these processes. He should be very happy to furnish him with bars, both of hot and cold, as well as with the oxides of each. Dr. Thomson said, that what Mr. Guest called oxide was a combination of oxide and silicium. There were three or four different cinders, all of different compositions. Notwithstanding that Professor Johnson had said that the mechanical department of smelting was superior to the chemical, he knew that if phosphorus was put into iron it deteriorates it. The reason why the Swedish iron was better than ours, was because it was purer. We could not expect iron equal to the Swedish from our ore, seeing that it contained so much impurity. The iron about Newcastle, to which Professor Johnson had alluded, was an exception to the general rule; as the iron ore of England did not contain much phosphorus. Mr. Faraday, in conclusion, said it was very evident that hot-blast iron was cheaper for some purposes than the cold blast. He should, therefore, propose a vote of thanks to Dr. Thomson, for the care he had taken in preparing his report. Any one aware of the great extent of knowledge and care required to enable Dr. Thomson and Mr. Tennent to come before this meeting, would fully appreciate the worth of the report.

Dr. Traill then read a paper 'Upon a New Compound of Antimony as a Pigment,' which he had discovered last winter, when adding a solution of ferropotassium of potash to muriate antimony, by which he had produced very beautiful blue prussiate, somewhat resembling ultramarine.

Dr. Arnott read a paper 'On a New Safety Lamp for Mines.' His idea was to supply lamps at fixed stations in the mines, with air from the surface, by means of cheap wooden pitched pipes, into which the air should be injected by a steam-engine. Hose might be attached to these pipes where it might be requisite to move the light.

Mr. Peaxsall, of Hull, read a paper 'Upon the Action of Rain Water upon Lead.' He instanced a number of cases in which persons had been poisoned by lead contained in water, and gave as his opinion, that the water contained lead in solution as well as in precipitation.

Professor Davy introduced a new gaseous carbide-hydrogen, which he had prepared by repeatedly passing the electric spark through bicarburetted hydrogen. He was pursuing further experiments, which he would lay before the Association next year. It appeared that the gas was deprived of one atom of carbon by the electric current, which formed a black crust on the endiometer.

Professor Johnstone likewise laid before the meeting a paper 'Upon the Composition and Properties of a description of Hatcheline,' a substance composed of carbon and hydrogen found in the coal measure.

Professor Miller read a paper 'On the Expansions of Crystals in different directions,' by which it appeared that if sulphate of lime, and various other crystalline substances were heated, they would expand in different proportions in different directions.

SECTION C.

Mr. Hutton read a letter from Dr. Jeffreys, of Liverpool, describing a quantity of fossil bones found on the estate of Mr. Lloyd, on the banks of the river Elby, three miles

from St. Asaph. It contained not only specimens of the smaller animals, such as rats, mice, and cats, but also many of the larger animals, amongst which were hyenas, tigers, and wolves. Dr. Jeffreys also stated, that the collection would be open for public inspection.

Sir David Brewster's letter on the diamond was read (See *Literary Gazette*, No. 1078).

Mr. J. P. Heywood next read an elaborate paper 'On the Great Coal Fields of South Lancashire.' He stated that the coal fields of South Lancashire covered a space of nearly 400 square miles, and that the largest bed was 250 square miles—the Earl of Balcarras gave employment to 800 persons in the collieries about Vigan, and that Lord Francis Egerton gave employment to 1700 persons in the mines near Worsley. The coal used in Manchester in 1836, was valued at 500,000*l*. Mr. H. proceeded to refer to a geological map of South Lancashire, with the coal fields and their positions, as respects the great sand-stone formation, by which, in some places, they are intersected. He stated that he was not a coal-owner himself, but in the construction of his map had received every assistance from the proprietors. Every geologist present must be aware of the immense amount of labour taken to construct that map, and that no individual, were the term of his life quadrupled, could hope singly to accomplish it. He, therefore, called on them to take notice of all peculiarities that might exist in their immediate neighbourhoods, and to note their observations. It would be seen, that in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, the map had not so many marks of labour bestowed on it as appeared in other places; in fact, some portions of it were colourless. This arose from, he was sorry to say, the want of observers in this particular district. There was, therefore, a wide field yet open, and he should be most happy to add the results of any future observations to complete his map.

Professor Sedgwick, in moving for the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Heywood, remarked that proprietors of land could not be too thankful to such men as Mr. Heywood; for it was a proverbial fact, that thousands of pounds had been spent in mining speculations, which would never have been entered into had a geological map been in existence, similar to the one just exhibited. He would also say, that a man like Mr. Heywood, who was not an owner nor a dweller in one particular district, was best fitted to construct such maps, and to give the best information on the subject.

Mr. Williamson next read a long and extremely interesting paper 'On Sections of the same District.' He produced drawings of fossils discovered in a peculiar limestone; and, also, one of a fish he styled (from the nature of the scales) a salmon, which he had found in the coal fields. The circumstance of the fish being a salmon was refuted by Sir Philip Egerton, who stated that he had himself found a similar fish, which belonged to a separate family, the genus salmon never being found in coal strata.

Mr. Peace read a report on the dislocations and other phenomena of the coal-fields of Wigan; and Mr. Logan on the coal-beds of South Wales.

Mr. Smith, of Jordan Hill, near Glasgow, read an interesting paper 'On the Changes of the Levels of Sea and Land, bearing on the Statements made by Mr. Strickland, on Monday.' His observations had been carried on throughout the coasts of Ireland and Scotland; and the shells (which he liberally distributed among the members) were found, in many instances, forty feet above the level of the sea. The

specimens we examined were truly said to be "amongst the most interesting, because, being common, they become characteristic of the marine beds in which they occur; the *Tellina* resembles the *Tenuis*, but has a brown epidermis, of which the remains are readily observable. The *Natica* is supposed by Sowerby to be the *Natica Glaucinoidea* of the English crag; the *Fusus* was also supposed by him to be the *F. Lamellosus* of the Straits of Magellan, but this is doubtful; the *Turbo* resembles the *Nerita Littoralis*, but has a pointed spine. In these beds, which Mr. Lyall would call never pliocene, Mr. Smith has found 166 species of shells; of these, fourteen differ from any which are known."

Captain Portlock read a paper 'On the Analogy between the Irish and English Red Sandstone, by the circumstance that shells, &c. of a similar cast had been found in each.'

SECTION E.

The proceedings of this Section, though of interest to medical science, were not of interest to general readers; and if they were so, we do not think them adapted to the columns of a journal with readers of both sexes and of tender age. What follows is *quant. suff*.

Mr. James Carson read 'A Report of a provisional Committee of the Medical Section appointed to investigate the Compositions of the various Animal Secretions, and the Organs that secrete them.' Another similar by Dr. Rees.

Dr. Holland then read 'An Inquiry into the Influence of the Mind on the Heart, and other Organs, in Health and Disease.'

Sir James Murray exhibited an ingenious contrivance, something like a slipper-bath, which had an air-pump for exhausting the air applied to it. The patient was placed in it, and it was then made air-tight, leaving him a breathing communication with the external atmosphere. The air was then exhausted from the interior, and atmospheric pressure removed from the pressure of the body. About a pound of atmosphere being exhausted, took off a ton of atmospheric pressure. The consequence was, where the body was before cold and collapsed, the vessels were immediately filled up and rendered turgid, while it did not at all interfere with the process of respiration. There were several other ingenious contrivances and applications of the same invention.

Some discussion followed this, in the course of which Dr. Macartney named a very valuable discovery to anatomists, viz. saturating the hands, and other parts exposed to the noxious influence of dissection, with a solution of alum, which completely prevented any ill effects.

Dr. Carlisle offered some remarks on two remarkable malformations of the cerebellum of the human subject.

SECTION F.

Mr. Henry Ashworth, of Molton, read a paper 'On the Statistical Results of the late Strike at Preston.' From this report it appeared, that in Preston and the vicinity there are forty-two cotton-mills, giving employment to 8500 hands, and requiring 1200 horse-power to work them. The estimated value of the buildings and machinery is 550,000*l*; the amount of capital required to work them, 250,000*l*. The beginning of the year 1836 was marked by great activity in the cotton trade; the master spinners were supposed to be making considerable profits, whilst the operative spinners, with some appearance of truth, supposed their wages were not commensurate with those profits. In October 1836, the average net earnings of the cotton-spinners of Preston, after paying piecers, &c., were 22s. 6d. per week, whilst at Bolton

and some of the neighbouring places spinners were receiving, on an average, 25s. per week. There was, however, this difference—the Preston masters had adopted a uniform rate of wages, varying little, if any, with the fluctuating state of trade; whilst at Bolton and other places, wages were raised when trade was favourable, and lowered in times of depression—a plan which, in consequence of the want of economy and foresight on the part of the operatives, only exposed them to greater temptations, to excess in times of prosperity, whilst it occasioned the greatest misery in times of depression. It also appeared that house-rent and provisions were considerably cheaper in Preston than in Bolton. There existed a spinners' trade union in Preston, which, at that time, consisted of from 150 to 200 persons, or considerably less than half of the number of spinners employed. Meetings of this body, attended by delegates from other towns, were held. On the 13th of October a council was formed, and communications took place with the masters, who offered an advance of ten per cent on the rate of wages, stipulating that every man employed should sign an agreement not to belong to any trades' union or combination whatever. These terms were refused by the council of spinners; and, on the 7th of November, the men struck work, all the factories were closed, and 8500 individuals were thrown wholly out of employment. Of these 600 were spinners, having piecers and others under them, 1320 piecers, 6100 weavers, &c., and 420 overlookers, porters, &c. Of these it was stated, that the 600 spinners, or the greater portion of them, were the only persons with whom the turn-out was a voluntary act. The report then detailed the straits and misery to which the working classes were reduced; until, at length, the funds of the union were exhausted, and, on the 5th of February, the men came into the terms originally proposed by the masters, and work was resumed at all the mills, 200 of the spinners who had been the most active leaders in the turn-out having their places supplied partly by self-acting spinning mules, then introduced into Preston for the first time, and partly by men procured from other places. Amongst the consequences of the turn-out were mentioned the following facts:—150 persons were taken before the magistrates, charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct; 75 were committed for assaults and intimidation of workmen; 20 young females became prostitutes; three persons died of starvation; 5000 must have suffered extreme privations; the men sold or pawned the greater part of their clothing and household furniture; most of them were in arrears for rent; and great losses were sustained by shopkeepers and others. The total losses were thus estimated:—

600 spinners' wages for 13 weeks, at 22s. 6d.	£9,652
1320 piecers' ditto ditto at 5s. 6d.	4,719
6020 carders, &c. ditto at 5s. 10d.	38,142
Estimated loss of hand-loom weavers	9,500
Ditto of clerks, warehouse-keepers, &c.	8,000
Deduct—	£70,130
Estimated amount earned between the 9th of January, when work was partially resumed, and the 5th of February	£5013
Relief given by masters	1000
Private charity	2500
Allowance to spinners and piecers from the Trades' Union	4220
	12,733
Nett loss to operative spinners	57,929
Three months' interest on 800,000, sunk in machinery, &c. lying useless, loss to the town at large, &c.	45,000
Shopkeepers' loss of business and bad debts	4,996
Total loss	£107,925

Mr. Wyse, in moving the thanks of the Section to Mr. Ashworth, said that these inquiries were of great interest and importance, as tending to enlighten the minds of the operatives themselves, who almost universally entered into these turn-outs at the instigation of a few designing individuals: whilst they not only failed in obtaining the objects they proposed to themselves, but at the end of the struggle were in a worse situation than they were before, besides the misery and privation which they brought upon themselves and their families in the interim.

In the course of an interesting discussion which ensued, several gentlemen expressed their regret that a better understanding did not prevail between the masters and the men; and certain societies, established in some of the manufacturing districts of France for the consideration of matters relating to trade—consisting of six of the masters, six of the men, the chairman being a master—were mentioned as worthy of imitation in this country. Several instances were mentioned in which extensive mischief had been done, both to places and individuals, by these turn-outs, especially the removal of Mr. Heathcote's bobbin-net manufactory into Devonshire; whereby 2000 hands were thrown out of employment in the district from which he removed. Mr. Merritt mentioned the turn-out at Liverpool, four years ago, of all the workmen connected with the building trades, estimated to be 16,000 in number. The objects they proposed to themselves were principally three: first, to put an end to building by contract; secondly, to obtain the same wages for a smaller quantity of work; and thirdly, to include all workmen in the union; in all which objects they signally and completely failed. Several other striking facts were mentioned, all tending to shew that in every struggle of this kind the men have always been, and must always be, ultimately the losers.

Cellars in Liverpool.—Lord Sandon stated that, as the document laid before the Section on the previous day relative to the cellars and courts of Liverpool was much disputed, their worthy chief constable, Mr. Whitty, had been consulted on the subject, who promised to make such inquiry thereupon as would set the matter at rest. He had done so, and with the permission of the Section the letter from Mr. Whitty would be read. The following is the statement alluded to:—“In the parish, or old borough, there were 6506 cellars, 1964 courts, and 25,732 dwelling-houses, for a population of 190,000; in the outskirts, 6364 houses, 987 cellars, and 307 courts, population 40,000. Few of the courts possess any outlets, and of the cellars the greater proportion are dark, damp, and without ventilation. The average was four persons to each cellar, giving a total of 30,000 occupants of cellars, out of a population of 230,000, and it was estimated that two-thirds of the population belong to the working classes.” By Mr. Whitty's letter, it appeared that the number of cellars were 7862, and the inmates thereof 41,338. That it was not from poverty that a great number of them were thus occupied, but for convenience of carrying on little trades and keeping mangles; together with the wish that some had of not paying rent, knowing that cellars had a separate entrance, and were almost independent of the landlord, who, when the tenants did not pay, had much difficulty in removing them in consequence.

His Lordship hoped that this circumstance would be another stimulant towards the formation of a Statistical Society in Liverpool, and

spoke highly of the comfortable state in which he had seen some cellars in Liverpool.

Mr. George Webb Hall read a paper, ‘On the Improvements effected in Agriculture during the last Century.’ These he traced, principally, to the introduction of the potatoe and turnips, and enumerated the different modes of culture, draining, feeding, breeding, &c. &c.; describing the effects produced, giving due merit to individuals generally, for the good which they had effected. He regretted that, whilst so much had been effected for the improvement of agriculture, so little had been done for the improvement of agricultural labourers. Amongst the measures which he strongly recommended, was the cottage allotment system, to the excellence of which several gentlemen bore strong testimony, and mentioned many striking facts, illustrative of its advantages, not only in improving the condition and character of the labourers, but in improving the value of the land.

A long and very animated discussion took place on this subject, and several noblemen and gentlemen advanced their opinions in favour of spade husbandry, amongst whom were Lord Sandon, Lord Nugent, Mr. Wyse, and a number of extensive landowners throughout the united kingdom. The state of the agricultural labourers was brought under consideration, and a number of instances were adduced to shew that spade husbandry would remove every difficulty and trouble under which they laboured. Not only so, but that the land would be greatly improved, and that, as was said in conclusion, by introducing spade husbandry throughout the kingdom, agriculture would become what horticulture now was—a branch of science; and that mechanics would become hand work, while agriculture would be found to be head work. That the spade would supersede poor laws in the agricultural districts, and much improve the condition of agricultural labourers throughout the united kingdom; prevent their removal and breaking up of their little establishments; and that giving them little gardens of about a quarter of an acre, a large body of evidence could be brought to prove, would also be highly beneficial to them, and profitable to the landowner. That the piece of land on which the report was drawn was so very successful, that the gentleman to whom it belonged had taken 100 acres, which was now undergoing cultivation by the spade, with every prospect of being as successful and as profitable in proportion as the smaller quantity upon which the report was founded.

Mr. Hall contended there were a great many vagaries attached to the notion of spade husbandry, and that it was a fallacy to think it would answer throughout the country. In some parts land might be found which spade husbandry would improve, but it was not generally the case; besides, that which Dr. Yellowly had reported on was of a peculiar nature, and any one knowing any thing of the question must know such land was very different in quality to the generality, and it was no criterion whatever to shew that spade husbandry would be at all beneficial either to the soil, landlord, or labourer. A small piece of land being profitable under such a system, was no guidance for a large establishment.

Several gentlemen remarked on the benefit of allotting small portions of land to labourers, and instanced how much their condition was improved thereby, and their morals and health promoted.

Lord Sandon said he had 330 such allotments, which he let out at about 2l. to 3l. per

acre, of about a quarter of an acre each, and which returned to the occupier about 3/ per quarter.

Lord Nugent made a similar statement, and bore testimony to the good it had done in the neighbourhood in which he resided.

Mr Fripp then read his paper 'On the state of the Working Classes in one of the Parishes of Bristol,' in which their condition was described to be beyond belief miserable.

Dr. Yellowlow read a paper 'On Spade Husbandry in Norfolk.' A farm of 317 acres, belonging to Mr. Mitchell, was cultivated with 8 horses and 20 men, under a system of spade husbandry, which had required 12 horses and 20 men with the plough, and the general results were, better wages to the workmen, and an increase of one-third in the produce of the farm. Mr. Mitchell attached a garden, of a quarter of an acre, to each of the men, from which they derived a profit of 3/ 3s. a year. Sir Edward Kerrison, in Suffolk, had made 200 such allotments, which were sought after with avidity. The rents were paid with great regularity, and the improvement in the condition and character of the cotters was very manifest.

SECTION G.

Mr. Lang gave an interesting history on certain improvements in ship-building, adapted to the merchant service. They originated many years ago, when, in Plymouth dock-yard, he saw the number of vessels sent in from blockading the enemy, for repairs, in consequence of the insufficient structure of their keels. He referred to a number of well-known cases, especially the *Pique* and the *Lightning* steamer, to shew that his plan saved them from destruction, when other vessels perished, and that a vessel could lose her keel and continue months on duty. His plan was now adopted by her majesty's navy and three foreign powers, and was rapidly extending. Mr. Lang described his plan in technical terms, with the assistance of drawings and models, very fully. He said it did not increase the cost of ships of war, but did a little that of merchant ships. It was like giving a ship "three back bones, instead of one." Mr. L. fills up the floor perfectly solid, puts in a keelson and a keel in the usual way, and bolting them well together and caulking all up. On each side of this keel he fixes another broad and flat one, and over these another, all secured in a peculiar way, by dovetailing, but so as one may come off without bringing off the other, and the whole without damaging the floor; over all he puts a false keel. In the model he shewed, the depth from the inside of the floor to the bottom of the false keel is about twice the depth of the keelson, and the breadth of the three keels under the floor a little more than the depth from the top of the keelson to the bottom of the false keel. He caulked with *Borradale's* felt, observing that, when the seam is caulked the usual way outside and inside, the oakum does not reach the centre, but leaves a hollow, where damp lodges, to the destruction of the timbers. He also explained technically the mode of securing the gripe and the fore foot, so as to leave the stem independent of the keels, and also to secure the stern-post, which Mr. L. observed, in the ordinary build of merchantmen, was very indifferently secured.

Strength of Iron, Hot and Cold Blast.—Mr. Fairbairn read a paper, in continuation of that of the preceding day, to ascertain the strength of iron for resistance, and the best form for resistance. With reference to the latter, they found, by loading bars of different sections with weights, that Emerson's rule, that the strength of bars

and beams with rectangular sections was as the breadth multiplied by the square of the depth, did not always hold good. The report then went on into a variety of important experiments on the powers of different kinds and forms of iron, in supporting weights when used as pillars. This power of iron was generally as its sectional area when the height was the same, but different kinds of iron varied considerably. For instance, on the square inch, pillars of equal height of Carron iron (cold) supported 13,882lbs.; of Devon (hot), 20,907lbs.; of Buffery (hot), 14,436lbs.; Buffery (cold), 17,466lbs.; Cortallian (hot), 16,279lbs.; Cortallian (cold), 17,374lbs.

Resistance on Railways.—Dr. Lardner addressed the section on this subject. He detailed the nature of the resistance to tractile force on railroads, and went over the well-known principles expounded by Vince, Colomb, and other writers on physics. He pointed out the difficulties of obtaining the truth by direct experiment, either by a dynamometer or by measuring velocities on inclined planes. He amended some algebraic formulæ, which he contended were erroneous, the gyration of the wheels not being taken among the elements of the calculation. A very long and unproductive discussion ensued.

Mr. Roberts, of Manchester, explained a contrivance which he had formerly made for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of friction. He had found that a trifling diminution of friction took place when the speed was much increased. Mr. Roberts mentioned a curious circumstance which occurred to him once on the Liverpool and Manchester railroad. It was blowing a hurricane, and the wind was almost parallel with the railroad, in the direction of Manchester. He was directed to take an engine and follow a train which it was feared might not be able to contend with the violent wind that was blowing. He did so, and on his return he found that the wind, which was blowing about eighty miles an hour, was sufficient to carry them along without the smallest assistance from steam. In this manner they went at such a speed as completely to neutralise the effect of the hurricane. Sometimes they had a puff of air in their faces, and sometimes they felt a slight effect from the wind at their back, but generally the effect was that of a calm still air. He would mention another matter illustrative of the effect of the air. At one time of his life he used to amuse himself by making spinning-tops. He had made a top which spun forty-two minutes. A friend requested him to make a top for him, and with this top he took particular pains, and to make it look more handsome he put on it a thin coat of the finest lacquer. He found that it would not spin longer than seventeen minutes. He removed the lacquer, and the top then spun thirty-seven minutes. From this he was of opinion that lacquer should not be put on clock pendulums.

Professor Robinson observed, that without any practical knowledge of the subject, he could not consent to leaving the air out of the calculation. Astronomers had to contend with every natural power, and among the rest, the pendulums of their clocks had to contend with two effects of the atmospheric air. The first was the resistance of the air, which was of little importance; the other was the "sticking" of the air to the pendulum in passing through it, which sometimes amounted to ten seconds a day. If such were the effect of the adhesion of the air on a motion so minute and slow as that of a pendulum, what must it be, to say

nothing of the direct resistance, on long trains forced through at high velocities? He merely threw out the hint for practical men.

Mr. Leethead's Safety Lamp was explained. This lamp is a brass cylinder, with a glazed aperture about two inches diameter before the lamp. To dispense with the wire gauze, it is furnished with a ball about four inches in diameter, fitted with a stop-cock. The ball is to be filled with condensed oxygen gas to feed the lamp. There is no air admitted below; and, as the inventor observed, it can only fire an explosive gas at the top.

Telegraphs.—Dr. Clanny produced a model of a new telegraph, which he explained. It is on the principle of a dial and index, with a corresponding arm above.

Dr. Lardner hoped that they would soon know the result of Professor Wheatstone's invention of electric telegraph. He fully expected that it would establish communications independent of light, place, and almost of time.

Lieut. Watson, of the Liverpool telegraph office, read part of a paper 'On the Advantages of Night and Day Telegraphic Communications connected with Railways, and for general purposes.' Amongst the great attainments accomplished by science in promoting a rapidity of transit by steam, the still more rapid means of conveying intelligence by symbols or telegraphs has been comparatively lost sight of; but, latterly, the importance of attaching a perfect system of night and day telegraphs to the purpose of railway travelling, has engaged serious attention; and the question is rapidly gaining ground, that some such project is indispensable, in order to insure punctuality, prevent and remedy accidents, relieve anxiety, and promote public confidence in railway travelling. The means of securing these advantages have been ascertained and acted upon, so as to leave no doubt upon the mind of the projector of the full efficiency of his plans, but he is precluded from entering into the minutiae of the system, and of the successful night experiments which have been made, both by the space it would occupy, and by the intention of making his invention the subject of patent right. Assuming that an efficient line of telegraph communication by night and day be formed upon the line of railway from London to Liverpool and Manchester, such as has been recently proposed by the writer from an actual survey made, the effect of such an establishment would be,—that every yard of the rails (with little exception, besides tunnels) would be in view from one station or another, the average distance of each being less than five miles; that, consequently, no train upon the line could at any time be out of sight; that, by night or day, each train would be watched throughout its whole progress; that a complete line of intercourse would be formed from one extremity to the other, embracing every locomotive or passenger station, every junction branch or road, not only affording a means of communication throughout from station to station, but between any station and any train upon the rails, and *vice versa*; being, in fact, a power occupying the whole extent of the line, capable of affording an almost simultaneous knowledge at one point of what was doing at any other. For instance, a superintendent, placed at the central or any other station, should have such information laid before him as would enable him at any hour, by night or day, to point out, upon a plan, the position of every train travelling upon the rails, the rate of speed of each, the amount of spare power, proximity to each other, if 'all's well,' or if labouring under any defect or diffi-

culty; and with this knowledge he could issue his orders and directions as circumstances required, and be enabled to place responsibility where it ought to rest, and detect, at once, the misconduct or carelessness of any person connected with the travelling department. Should an engine become defective and proceed with difficulty, on communication made to the nearest depot, another engine would be sent at once to bring in the train; and this defect must continue to occur from a variety of contingencies beyond control. In the event of a break down, or an engine getting off the rails, a communication would be immediately made, by the guard or conductor of the train, to the nearest locomotive station; the cause and extent of the accident being known, the required assistance would be at once supplied, and all speculative anxiety avoided; but such an event, without the means of communicating, would be attended with the inconvenience of delay, until assistance may happen to arrive, and which, when it arrive, is, perhaps, not that required. In the mean time the most intense anxiety prevails with those who have friends in the expected train; and what may eventually turn out to be a mere casual delay, is magnified by fear into a dreadful accident, with loss of life or limb. Witness a late accident upon a railway when the last train broke down, and the passengers were detained upon the rails the whole night. Where the travelling of one line depends in a certain degree upon that of another, it is most essential to insure punctuality; this point may be strikingly exemplified in the Great Junction, at Birmingham. A train from either end is expected to arrive there at eleven o'clock, and another forward is advertised at half-past eleven o'clock — this time arrives, but the expected train not — in the total absence of all knowledge of the cause or probable extent of the delay, whether the train may arrive in five minutes, or one, or two hours, the forward train starts without reference to its arrival, taking with it the positive information that something has occurred to delay the train; consequently, persons at the terminus expecting their friends, though they witness the arrival of a train that ought to bring them, have but the disappointment to learn that, from some cause or other, which no one can speak to beyond conjecture, the train to Birmingham was delayed. The passengers by the delayed train, whenever it arrives, naturally expect to proceed forthwith; consequently, an extra train must be furnished, or they must wait the departure of the succeeding one, which may be an hour or more hence. On the other hand, the telegraph would immediately, upon the occurrence of the accident, announce its extent, and measures would be taken accordingly, and thus all unnecessary anxiety avoided. Another very important point is, that an accident may cause an accumulation of trains upon the same spot, none of which can pass to the opposite line, not knowing what may be approaching in that direction; but by means of the telegraph, with the knowledge of the position of all the trains upon the rails, intimation might be afforded to those trains capable of proceeding, as to what spot they may safely cross from one line to the other without the risk of collision, which attempt cannot be even contemplated without the means of knowing the situation of approaching trains. It is manifest that to provide against, and remedy these casualties, a perfect intercourse must be effected, not only from trains to stations, but from stations to trains when in the act of motion. For instance, in a dark night, there is an impediment

in the way of which it is necessary to warn approaching trains, travelling at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour. Nothing but a visual telegraph can effect this object. The theory of electro-magnetism has been proposed to be used for the purpose of making these communications. Little doubt can be entertained that, if brought to bear, this powerful agent would prove an instantaneous and effectual means of communicating from station to station, and may be a most valuable adjunct to a visual telegraph, which, for railroad purposes, it cannot supersede the necessity of, unless capable of effecting communications to and fro between stations and trains when the latter are in motion. Doubtless, the electro-magnetism would possess a great advantage over the visual telegraph for general purposes of communication in foggy weather. On the subject of climate generally, as connected with telegraphic communications by day, the official returns of Paris and Liverpool in November and December 1836, the worst months in the year, exhibit, in the case of the French telegraph, only one-seventh of the communications received on the day of their date, and in that of Liverpool, only one-ninth defective by influence of weather. The French lines are certainly of greater length than ours; but the average and extreme distance of some of our stations, I believe, greatly exceed theirs, and in most cases more than doubly exceed those proposed upon the railway. With regard to speed of communication, I have, with the present inefficient telegraph, under the most favourable circumstance, passed a distinct question from Liverpool to Holyhead, and received an answer within twenty seconds, a distance of 144 miles. This, with only one man at each station, emboldens me to say, that I have no doubt, with the additional manual power I should have in my project from Liverpool to London, that I could pass a distinct question, and receive an answer in Liverpool, within a minute and a half, allowing the distance to be 400 miles. The night apparatus I propose to use equals in power the present admirably telegraph; but the day semaphore is capable of making any amount in numbers at one simultaneous movement. Communications may be effected through the line with secrecy so impenetrable, that no person connected with the telegraph, or who may actually transmit the signals, can by any possibility become acquainted with their purpose. For commercial and government purposes, also, it will be found to be of great utility, and, when considered in its three-fold capacity, as promoting convenience, insuring punctuality in business, and much economy in the distribution of steam power, it will, no doubt, become valuable both to the public at large, as well as to all who are interested in railroad traffic. As a patent is about to be taken out for this invention, it was not further illustrated.

Mr. Curtis sent a model of an inflexible iron bridge.

Among the practically useful papers for daily convenience, was a paper read by Mr. J. J. Hawkins 'On Measuring the Eyes for suiting them with Spectacles.'

Mr. H. said, that he had measured the width of the eyes of many persons, and found in some a pair of eyes three inches and a quarter apart, from centre to centre, and in others only two inches and an eighth: now, it must be obvious that, if a pair of spectacle-frames, made of the proper width for the narrow eyes, were applied to the wide eyes, the sides of the frame would completely obstruct vision: yet it was a la-

mentable fact, that multitudes of spectacle venders never paid any attention to the width of the eyes of their customers; and hence numerous persons had their sight ruined by looking through the sides of their glasses, instead of through their middles, where alone vision is the most perfect. More than ten years ago, Mr. H. called the attention of opticians to this subject, in a paper, published in the "Repository of Patents," for December, and in the Supplement, for 1826; to which, to save the time of the Section, he referred the members for much useful information on the eyes. Mr. H. exhibited to the Section an instrument for measuring the width of the eyes, consisting of two arms revolving on a common centre; one of the arms carrying an index, the other a plate, graduated to represent the actual distance of two holes, one-thirtieth of an inch diameter, near the extremities of the two arms; one hole in each arm. By moving the arms until both eyes can see the same object through the two holes at the same time, and referring to the index, the exact width of the eyes would be ascertained, and, consequently, the proper width of the required spectacle-frame obtained. For measuring the focus of the eyes, and in substitution of the plans recommended in his paper alluded to, Mr. H. produced a card, on which were drawn twenty-four fine, equidistant, radial lines, corresponding with the angular positions of the hour hand of a clock at every half hour; and he recommended that the person should cover one eye, without pressing on it, and look with the other eye on the card, placed against an illuminated wall, holding the eyes so near that all the lines shall appear indistinct; he should then slowly retire from the card until one of the lines appears well defined, measure the distance of the card from the eye, and note it down as the shortest focus of that eye; retiring still further, if, at any point, all the lines appear distinct, note the shortest distance of that occurrence as the best focus for long-sighted persons, and the longest distance for short-sighted persons; again retire until all the lines, except one, appear indistinct, then note that distance as the longest focus; repeat the operation with the other eye, and, if there be any distance where all the lines are clear, the nearest point where that happens in the long sight, and the furthest in the short sight, may be taken as the best focus; but if, as is frequently the case, there is no distance where all the lines appear clear; then the best focus will generally be an arithmetical mean between the longest and shortest distance. Mr. H. stated, that, with his right eye, through spectacles of twelve-inch focus, he could only see clearly at the distance of

16 inches, the line correspond-	1 o'clock, or 7 o'clock.
ing with.....	
At 20	12, 12, 1 .. 6, 6, 7
At 25	12
At 35	3

And, with his left eye —

At 12 inches, the line correspond-	3 o'clock, or 9 o'clock.
ing with.....	
At 17	2, 2, 1, 3 .. 8, 6, 9
At 24	all the lines clear
At 34	12, 3
All the other lines being indistinct, generally double.	

Mr. H. added, that the examination of the real state of the eyes, by these or by equivalent means, ought to precede the attempt to select spectacles for them.

The proceedings of the General Committee we have already noticed.

At the Promenade in the Town-hall, on Tuesday, we hear there were 2800 persons: to-night there were not quite so many; but still, there was a very crowded assemblage.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE usual monthly meeting, on Thursday afternoon, did not take place, there not being a sufficient number of members present. The dromedaries, in the gardens at the Regent's Park, have presented the Society with a fine, lively, and likely to-do-well young one. This is the first instance of the kind, it is believed, in England.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE POET.

JOVE said, one day, he should like to know
What would part the child of song from his
lyre;

And he summoned his minions, and bade them go,
With all their bribes and powers below,
Nor return till they wrought his desire.

The agents departed, Jove's will must be done;
They vow'd to perform the deed full soon:
Vainly they search'd in the crowd and the sun,
But at last they found a high soul'd one,
Alone with his harp and the moon.

Fortune first tempted: she scatter'd her gold,
And placed on his temples a gem-bright rim;
But he scarcely glanced on the wealth as it rolled;
He said the circlet was heavy and cold,
And only a burden to him.

Venus came next, and she whisper'd rare things,
And praised him for scorning the bauble and pelf;

She promised him Peris, in all but the wings;
But he laughed, and told her, with those soft
strings

He could win such creatures himself.

Oppression and Poverty tried their spell,
Nigh sure he would quail at such stern behest;
His pittance was scant, in a dark dank cell,
Where the foam-spitting toad would not choose
to dwell,

But he still hugg'd the harp to his breast.

They debated what effort the next should be,
When Death strode forth with his ponderous
dart;

He held it aloft—ye should know, cried he,
This work can only be done by me,
So, at once, my barb to his heart!

It struck; but the last faint flash of his eye
Was thrown on the lyre as it fell from his hand:
The trophy was seized, and they sped to the sky,
Where the Thunderer flamed in his throne on
high,

And told how they did his command.

Jove heard, and he scowl'd with a gloomier
frown—

'Twas the cloud Pride lends to keep Sorrow
He put by his sceptre and flung his bolt down,
And snatched from the glory that haloed his
crown,

The rays of most burning sheen.

He hasten'd to earth, by the minstrel he knelt,
And fashion'd the beams round his brow in a
wreath;

He ordain'd it immortal, to dazzle, to melt,
And a portion of godhead since then has still
dwell

On the Poet that slumbers in death.

E. C.

DRAMA.

Covent Garden opened on Saturday, with Shakespeare's play of *The Winter's Tale*, with the female portion of the characters "cast" in such a manner as bids defiance to rivalry of any kind, or at any place; but, before we notice the performances, we should state some of the im-

provements that have been made. The whole of the theatre has been *cleaned*, freshly painted, and decorated with great taste; lobbies have been formed round the boxes, thus separating them from the saloons, and doing away with a portion of the audience that was a disgrace, as well as an annoyance. The chandelier has been renovated, and glitters like a large cluster of diamonds, adding greatly to the effect of the roof, which has been thickly studded with stars, and which, with the chandelier, forms a beautiful *coup-d'œil*. A handsome new drop-scene adds greatly to the effect of the interior: but to proceed with the performances. After a well-played overture the curtain rose, and Mr. Macready came forward; if the plaudits he then received be a guarantee of future success, Mr. Macready must succeed. The house, which was full to the ceiling, rose to a man; and we never, to our knowledge, heard such a tumult of applause as welcomed Mr. Macready and the legitimate drama. He spoke a manly and promising address, and was again most cordially greeted at its conclusion. The whole of the company sang "God save the Queen," and the *The Winter's Tale* proceeded. We need hardly say that the *Leontes* of Macready was, both in conception and delineation, a master-piece; so we pass on. Diddear played *Polixenes* with great taste and judgment; Bartley was a merry *Autolycus*, Bennett, a good *Antigonus*, and Meadows, a capital *Clown*. The other male parts were fairly sustained, and do not require separate notice, with the exception of Mr. Anderson, who made his *début* before a London audience in the part of *Florizel*. This gentleman is a most valuable acquisition to the London boards: he has a good person and a very fine voice, and displayed much taste in his delineation of the short part allotted to him. We hope we shall see him in a more prominent character before long; he is the very form, and all that can be desired, for *Romeo*, *Orlando*, and that line of business; he gives great promise of future excellence, and will fill a place that has been too long vacant in his profession. But, to return to the female portion: Miss Faucit deservedly gained new laurels by her performance of *Hermione*, which was sweetly feminine and graceful. The *Paulina* of Miss Huddart, and the *Perdita* of Miss Taylor, were admirable; as were Mrs. W. Clifford's *Emilia*, Miss P. Horton's *Mopsis*, and Miss Vincent's *Dorcas*. The play was followed by *A Roland for an Oliver*, and the whole concluded by midnight.

On Wednesday, Messrs. Leffler and W. J. Hammond made their first appearances at this house in Bickerstaff's opera, *Love in a Village*, and were very warmly received. Sterling plays have drawn good houses since the opening of this theatre.

Haymarket.—Mr. Phelps proceeds, but not very happily, in leading parts; when he takes his proper station, he will be an ornament to the stage; as it is, comparisons are forced on us which are by no means advantageous to this gentleman.

An operetta called *Swiss Swains*, full of delightful ballads composed by Alexander Lee, was played on Thursday; our notice of it must be postponed till next week, only saying now that Mrs. Waylett's singing is quite a treat.

Adelphi.—Re-embellished, and the company numbering nearly all the old favourites, this pretty little theatre opened on Friday week with two novelties; the first, called *Rory O'More*, is from the pen of Mr. Lover, and is founded on his own novel of the same name; he has, however, made many alterations, and given a

series of highly dramatic incidents; the *dramatis personæ* being ably supported by the different actors to whom they were intrusted. Mr. Power played the hero with great spirit, and added, if that be possible, to his already high reputation by his capital acting of *Rory*; in which character, we venture to predict, he will be even more popular than he has been in any other. Yates was perfectly in his element as *De Welskein*, and murdered the Queen's English most famously. O. Smith had a suitable part in *Shan Dhu*, the rival of *Rory* for the affections of *Kathleen*, Mrs. Yates, who gave much sweetness to her short part. *Mary O'More*, *Rory's* sister, was played by Miss Agnes Taylor, a *débutante*. This young lady has a very sweet voice, and warbled a couple of Lover's charming lyrics in an excellent manner. When she becomes more accustomed to the stage, and overcomes that nervousness always attending the commencement of her profession, she will add another to the already numerous favourites at the Adelphi. The second piece, *The Pocket Book*, is one of those domestic dramas quite peculiar to this house, in which Mrs. Yates's touching acting is quite unrivalled. It was perfectly successful, and has been repeated nightly to overflowing audiences. Wilkinson has a part well suited to his style in this burletta, and is very happy in his delineation of it.

Olympic.—Madame Vestris commenced her campaign on the same evening, with Mr. Dauce's comedy of the *Country Squire*, introducing Mr. Farren to an Olympic audience. We need not say he succeeded here, for he must succeed any where. Two new burlettas, for that is the name by which the amusing trifles produced at this theatre are known, were played on the same evening; the first, *The New Servant*, introduced Mr. and Mrs. Keeley for the first time since their return from America; it was successful more from the excellent acting of this gentleman and his wife, than from its own merit, which is not very great. The second novelty, *Advice Gratis*, was better, and exhibited Farren in an extremely amusing character, a *Mr. Oddbody*; he has a knack of advising every one exactly as they wish to be advised, and, consequently, his advice is much sought and always followed. There are many good incidents in this piece; and Farren was ably supported by Mr. F. Matthews and Mrs. Orger, who had also good parts. Both pieces have been played every evening since to capital houses.

St. James's Theatre.—This elegant place of amusement likewise opened on Friday, with a new piece, called *The Assignment*; it is extremely entertaining, and will, doubtless, become a favourite with the public. Mr. Braham has retained all the favourites of last season, and added established favourites from other theatres to his very efficient company. Among them we should notice Mr. Wright, a comedian of the Wrench school, and Mrs. Stirling, both of whom are seen to great advantage in *The Young Widow*. A new operatic burletta, entitled the *Cornet*, was produced on Thursday. We shall delay a more detailed notice till next week, by which time the *Cornet* will be established at the St. James's.

VARIETIES.

Singular Horse-cloth.—A morning paper, in describing a recent inspection of some of the household troops by the Queen, says:—"Her majesty was mounted on a gray charger, richly caparisoned, and dressed in the Windsor uniform!"

Caricature.—Another excellent hit, in like-

noises of Lord Melbourne and O'Connell, from the pencil of H. B., is before us, being No. 502, in his series of caricatures. It is a copy, in H. B.'s freest manner, of "Retzsch's extraordinary dream of Satan playing at Chess with Man for his Soul," and is very happy in every respect.

General Phipps.—We read, with sincere regret, in the journals, an announcement of the death of this kind and amiable gentleman, at Venice, in his 77th year. General Phipps was an excellent judge of works of art, and an accomplished critic of the drama. Few men were more universally esteemed and beloved in society.

Sir Egerton Brydges has also paid the great debt of nature, in Switzerland, where he has resided a long time, in, we fear, very straitened and adverse circumstances. A scholar of very general attainments, there is hardly a branch of polite literature to which he has not largely devoted himself, and his productions, probably, exceed in extent those of any author since the days of Lopez de Vega.

Weather-Wisdom.—Not quite right nor quite wrong since our last, but too incorrect for us to repose our trust in the weather-wise: the week to come has "The air still cool, and rainy at the first quarter, on the 7th. A change on the 10th, but still cold and unsettled air about the 13th, the sun being then in aspect to Herschel."

Cards.—We have received a pack of cards from Messrs. Reynolds, the pips of which are filled with grotesque faces; though too diverting for whist-players, they would be capital for a child's party, or a game of fright.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The late Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.—It is understood that the deceased baronet has by his will bequeathed the copyright of his works to his second son, the Rev. Egerton Brydges, M.A., by whom is contemplated the immediate publication of a new and uniform edition of the late poet's works, a large portion of which has never been before the public.

In the Press.

The Author's Advocate; and Young Publisher's Friend, by the Author of "The Perils of Authorship," &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATA.—Our copy of the Proceedings of the British Association having been despatched from the country on name, an error was committed in the arrangement of last week's Gazette, by the insertion of Mr. Faraday's General Report of the Section, delivered at the amphitheatre on Friday night, among the miscellaneous papers of preceding dates. This portion, therefore, marked Section C. p. 626, col. 2 and 3, ought to be read with the other Reports of Friday Evening, in winding up the Transactions. And, in No. 1079, p. 605, middle col., in the Reports, &c. recommended in Section B, for Professor Leibig on the Present State of Isomeric bodies, read Isomeric bodies.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

WILL BE CLOSED ON SATURDAY, the 14th October.—**DIOGARA, REGENT'S PARK.**—New Exhibition, representing the Interior of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, before and after its Destruction by Fire; and the Village of Alagny, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. Open daily, from Ten till Five.

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ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

Professor Duncan Forbes will deliver his Introductory Lecture on Thursday, the 12th inst., at Three o'clock precisely in the Afternoon. Any gentleman presenting his card will be admitted to this Lecture. H. J. ROSE, B.D., Principal. King's College, London, Oct. 2, 1837.

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